

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

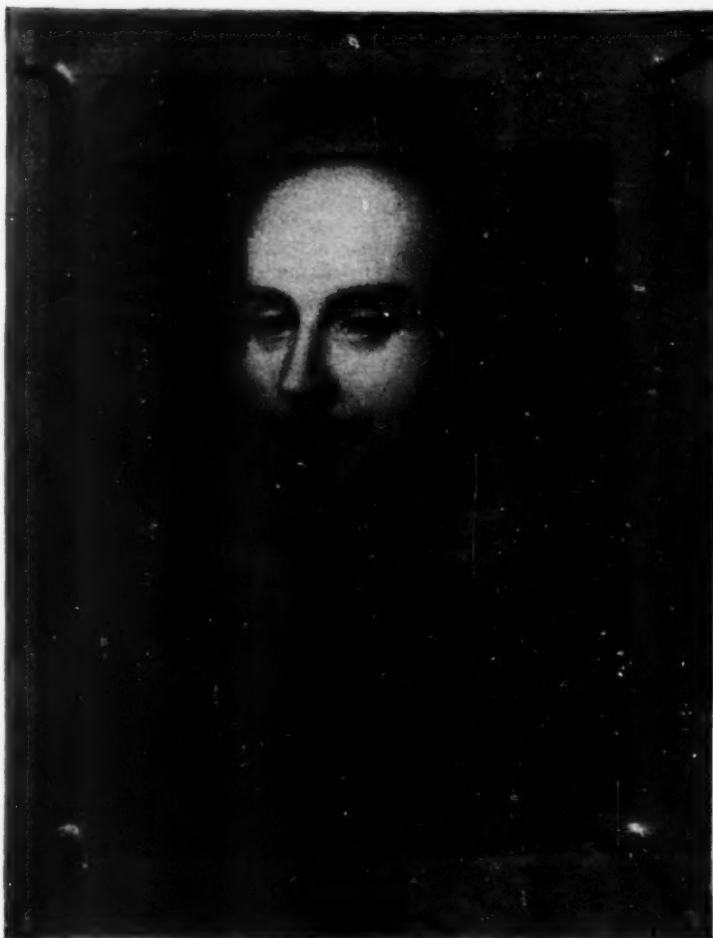
SEVERAL articles in this week's issue of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* deal with the output of books during the past year, which on the whole may be said to have been chiefly distinguished for biographies. Among the chief works may be named the biographies, or autobiographies, of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. Guinness Rogers, Lord Wolseley, Lord Gough, W. W. Story, Voltaire, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Galileo, Daniel O'Connell, J. C. Horsley, R.A., Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, Charles Reade, Thackeray, Fanny Burney, Crabbe, Queen Victoria, Robert Buchanan, and several others; large and small, a varied and a goodly list.

AN announcement is made this week of a new feature which I hope will find favour with many readers of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* (see inside back page of cover). Bookmen can often help their fellows to find an odd volume, a missing part of a magazine, or a long-sought-for and greatly desired book, and our "Books Wanted or For Sale" page will, it may be expected, prove useful and interesting.

THE portrait of Shakespeare is a composite photograph from the Chandos, Droeshout, Jansen, Stratford, Felton portraits and the Stratford bust. The photograph was the work of Mr. W. R. Furness, under the guidance of Dr. H. H. Furness and Mr. Norris. The experiment distinctly tends to prove that running through these very varied likenesses there is a striking similarity of feature.

MR. LOUIS BECKE is at present engaged on a novel of Australian life, which is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin early in the year. The title chosen was "The Gerrards," but "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard" by Sir A. Conan Doyle was announced, and the question of a title has not yet been decided. It is not the practice of most writers to ask their publishers to give a title to their work, but in nearly all of Mr. Becke's books the title has been selected by Mr. Unwin. "By Reef and Palm" was Mr. Becke's suggestion for his first modest venture; "By Rock and Pool" was Mr. Unwin's suggestion for a larger volume of tales and sketches, similar in motif to those in the first named. Only in four instances has any publisher other than Mr. Unwin produced any of Becke's single or collaborated books.

Mr. John Murray issued the "Naval Pioneers of Australia," by Mr. Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery; Messrs. Pearson "The Tapu of Barrderah," the Religious Tract Society published "Tom Wallis," and Messrs. Treherne



A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

"The Jalasco Brig." The two latter works are purely boys' books.

As Art Editor of the "Illustrated London News" for a considerable period, Mr. Mason Jackson (whose death was recently announced) was a prominent figure both in the

journalistic and artistic world, and his knowledge and experience of illustrated journalism would make very attractive reading if recorded in print. He was the son of John Jackson, who, in collaboration with W. A. Chatto, produced in 1838 "A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical," of which a second edition appeared in 1861, and which is (we believe) the only comprehensive treatment of the subject ever published. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the cover-design by Seymour for the green wrappers of the monthly numbers of "Pickwick Papers" was engraved by Mason Jackson, and a very able piece of facsimile wood-cutting it was. Poor Seymour (it will be remembered) was the artist originally engaged to illustrate "Pickwick," but after etching seven plates he committed suicide by shooting himself with a fowling-piece. This sad event occurred on April 20, 1836, before the second number of "Pickwick" issued from the press, and it is worth noting in this connection that this artist's last effort was engraved on wood by John Jackson, to whom he delivered it on the evening of the fatal day. It was John Jackson, too, who, at this juncture, advised the publishers (Chapman and Hall) to engage the services of R. W. Buss, as successor of Seymour, the result being a failure. It is obvious that Mason Jackson must have been a very young man—in fact, only seventeen years of age—when he reproduced with the graver the cover-design by Seymour, representing (in addition to sporting trophies) our old friend Mr. Pickwick asleep on a punt and Mr. Winkle shooting, indicative of the preconceived idea that the book should be principally of a sporting character. "The drawing was not at all elaborate," as the late Mr. Jackson has told us, "being done with a pencil in clear outline. I had engraved much more difficult things, and I was not particularly interested on the subject, so that I worked on this celebrated design with no more care or attention than was necessary to produce a faithful facsimile of Seymour's lines. If I could have foreseen how world-famous it would become, no doubt I should have taken a keener interest in the matter." Neither he nor his contemporaries then living ever imagined the possibility of a copy of the first edition of "Pickwick" in the original parts, with wrappers preserved, realising in 1903 the record price of £146 in the auction room!

THE "Century" for this month is a singularly interesting number, full as this magazine ever is of fine pictures and fine writing. First of the articles must be placed the instalment of Thackeray's letters, which shed light upon the mood in which he wrote "The Newcomes." It is noticeable how often he was despondent with regard to his work; of the novel mentioned he says, "It torments me incessantly, and I wander about with it in my interior, lonely & gloomy as if a secret remorse was haunting me." There is also an informative article on "An American Palace of Art," the marvellous Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Boston, with admirable illustrations.

In the same magazine M. Maurice Maeterlinck writes on "Our Friend the Dog," with his usual charm and insight, the dog being to him the one animal that has in any real way entered into human life. Of his bull-dog Pelléas, he writes, "He was happy with the happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it sprang from the smile and the approval of a life incomparably higher than his own. . . . I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunging on every side into darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two." The voice of the pessimist!

MR. A. HALLING, the Assistant-Librarian to the University of Copenhagen, writes that Jonas Lie, to whom a reference was made in a recent number of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, is not a Dane, but a Norwegian.

THE "Boz" Club, founded in 1900 by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, of which Lord James of Hereford is president, is now undergoing a process of reconstruction. A committee has been appointed (with Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., as chairman) for the purpose of formulating rules, which will be recommended for adoption at the next general meeting of the members. The club includes many distinguished representatives of literature, science, art, law and the drama. Mr. Henry F. Dickens has accepted the presidency of the Dickens Fellowship, which, with its various branches all over the world, now in its second year numbers over four thousand members.

It is announced that Mr. Sidney Lee will on Wednesday, January 13, address the Library Assistants Association on "Books in Relation to National Efficiency," a large and an interesting subject. It is often matter of debate among booklovers whether literature does or does not play a practical part in everyday life. It is notorious that many efficient men of business are totally ignorant of the literatures of their own and other countries, so, too, are very many men of general affairs. I am not of course referring to technical works, which scarcely come under the denomination of literature, but to poetry, philosophy, fiction, criticism, history and so forth; what influence have they upon the national efficiency? It is difficult to say what and how much; perhaps Mr. Sidney Lee will tell us, or put us on the right track for deciding the question, which is of real interest to all literary workers.

THE hundredth anniversary of Kant's death falls on February 12, 1904, and will be fitly celebrated in Königsberg. Among other ceremonies a bronze memorial tablet will be unveiled in the historic "Danziger Keller." Near at hand was the house in which the philosopher lived.

THERE comes from Berlin the first number of a new weekly periodical representing finance and economics. It is entitled "Plutus," and is edited by Georg Bernhard. His object is to bring political economy, which he considers to be the most interesting of the sciences, to the notice of the public in a way that all can understand. And certainly this number contains readable and even attractive articles on Banks, the Stock Exchange, the cotton trade, the further education of the apprentice, and the money-market.

A RATHER long extract from "Herbert Spencer: A Portrait," in this month's "Blackwood," will, I hope, be forgiven: "His life had one aim—dedication to scientific truth. All else was sacrificed to this, or rather no sacrifice was called for; all that was foreign to this supreme purpose fell off of itself. All his habits were adjusted to it. After breakfast he glanced hastily at The Times—often for long stretches, if his head were feeble, not looking at it at all; when he did read it, we may assume that it was less to study contemporary politics than to discover instances of Government bungling. Between nine and ten he was commonly to be seen in Kensington Gardens, at the Bayswater end, the head slightly bent in reflection, but not absorbed in it, and always with a frank greeting for an acquaintance. Punctually at ten he appeared at his working rooms, which he kept apart from his residence to secure himself against intrusion. There

for three hours he dictated to an amanuensis or, in after years, to a shorthand-writer his letters and 'copy.' In an enfeebled state of the brain he found penmanship the hardest part of composition, and it is probable that if he had had to write his books with his own hand most of them would never have been written at all. At one he returned to lunch at his boarding-house. He had spent his first years in London in solitary lodgings, and only resigned himself to the humdrum conversation of a boarding-house on being assured by a medical friend that he would never regain his health if he continued to live by himself. The early part of the afternoon was given up to business. He superintended his own printing, book-binding, and publishing. Long before his fame was assured he had the courage to incur the additional cost of stereotyping his books, and his ultimate gains through this wise economy were great. For many years, when he was publishing his works in parts, he even supervised the issue of the successive numbers to subscribers. He then made his way to the Athenæum Club, where he was sure to find his most intimate friends, looked through the periodicals, and played a few games at billiards. Three or four evenings a week he dined out in a steadily increasing circle. If he remained at home he seldom read. Reading for half an hour after dinner, he said, would keep him awake for hours. He usually played billiards the evening through. He went early to bed, but not always to find sleep. Insomnia dogged him from middle life to old age."

"WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" (Sampson Low) contains the names and biographies of over 14,000 more or less distinguished persons; prodigious! With some of these eminent people the editor, of what after all is an extremely valuable work of reference, seems to have had trouble. As thus, to quote from the preface: "One gentleman of distinguished ante-bellum record 'took his pen in hand,' and wrote an installment of autobiography which brought him to the Mexican War in about eight thousand words, at the end of which he cheered the recipient with the assurance that the remainder would reach him in due time. It did: in about a dozen similar installments which arrived, with great regularity, in every Monday's morning mail until the story was told." By the way, why does Madame Melba appear in the American "Who's Who"?

MR. HENRY FROWDE has printed for private circulation "A Chart of Oxford Printing, 1468-1900," with notes and illustrations, by Mr. Falconer Madan. The book exhibits the fluctuations in the output of the Clarendon Press, and of other works printed at Oxford, independent of that press. From the interesting notes I quote, "In 1605 the oldest existing English newspaper began as 'The Oxford Gazette,' the Court being then at Oxford"; "In 1675 the Bible Press began"; "1860.—The first stereotyping by the paper process: electrotyping followed in 1863." The total number of books produced up to 1900 was 19,475. But numbers do not express adequately the wonderful service rendered to English scholarship by the Clarendon Press.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

It is hoped that the photographic reproduction of the MS. "Aristophanis Codex Ravennas," carefully preserved at Ravenna, will be published during the present month. It will form the ninth volume of Dr. S. S. de Vries' well-known series of "Codices Graeci et Latini," published by Sijthoff, of Leiden, Holland. Dr. J. Van Leeuwen of that university will contribute an introductory chapter in Latin. The cost of the volume will be £11 5s. net. In the course of the year it is intended to issue the famous "Dioscorides Codex" preserved at Vienna. Among the manuscripts already reproduced in phototype in this

series are "Plato (Codex Oxoniensis)," "Plautus (Codex Heidelbergensis)," "Homeri Ilias (Codex Venetus)," and "Tacitus (Codex Laurentianus Medicus)." — A monthly magazine on entirely new lines would seem almost impossible, the periodical world being so crowded, but evidently it is not, for Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, announce that on the 12th instant they will publish the first number of "Technics": an organ for technical students. The contributors include such authorities as Sir W. de W. Abney and Sir William White, until recently chief-constructor to the Navy, and when it is taken into consideration that there are at present over half-a-million students enrolled at our Technical Institutes, apart from the teachers, and the large portion of the general public interested in science, we have every reason to believe the magazine will find a large public. No expense has been spared in the production of "Technics": it will be profusely illustrated, and printed on good paper. The price will be ninepence net.—Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co. announce the European section of "The Armoury of Windsor Castle," by Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O., F.S.A., published by command of His Majesty the King. There will be 40 full-page photogravure plates. The price will be five guineas net.—The Rationalist Press Association are now issuing in their sixpenny reprint series, Mr. Edward Clodd's "The Story of Creation," with the whole of the illustrations and tables contained in the original edition. Mr. Clodd's book will be followed by Sir Leslie Stephen's "An Agnostic's Apology."—In their extra series the same association are also publishing through Messrs. Watts this week, under the title "Science and Speculation," the Prolegomena to G. H. Lewes's "History of Philosophy." The cover is adorned with a portrait of the author, reproduced from an engraving presented to Robert Browning by Lewes, and now in the possession of Mr. G. J. Holyoake.—The Rev. J. Arbuthnot Nairn has edited the "Mimes of Herodas" for the Clarendon Press, with introduction, critical notes, commentary and collotype illustrations. No complete commentary has appeared for some considerable time even on the Continent, and a great mass of new material has been meanwhile accumulating. It will be recalled that a papyrus roll containing some 700 lines of the work of "Herodas" was found in Egypt in 1891, and thus was recovered one of the leading representatives of an important branch of Greek literature. The book will be ready immediately.—Mr. John Long will publish at once a new novel by Percival Pickering entitled "Toy Gods," and additional interest should attach to the book from the fact that "The Memoirs of Mrs. Maria Wilhelmina Pickering," the author's mother, have just been issued to the public.—Mr. Elliot Stock is about to issue a work entitled "Self-Help for the Poor Clergy." It enumerates various plans for increasing their incomes, and gives directions as to how the clergyman's wife may supplement her husband's income without loss of dignity or compromising her position in the parish!

MR. T. N. FOULIS, of Edinburgh and London, is publishing the "Life of Omar Al Khayyami." The author is a Persian journalist, who differs on many points from previous writers on this subject, and is the first Persian author to discuss in English comments concerning Omar. He totally disagrees with English and American biographers regarding the poet's parentage, his profession and his philosophy in general, claiming him to be of Arab descent and never to have had anything to do with tent-making. This book should be of interest to those who are students not only of Omar but of Persian literature. There will be further interest in the decoration of the volume which is Persian, while on the vellum cases for the very limited *edition de luxe* the decorations are being prepared in Persia by native artists.

Bibliographical

IN his "Recollections of Rossetti and His Circle," Mr. H. T. Dunn mentions that, in Cheyne Walk, "often in the summer evenings, when the windows would be thrown wide open, the fine baritone of Theo Marzials," who was frequently at the house next door, "would come floating into our front rooms. Rossetti had a great admiration for Marzials as a poet, and often spoke of the high quality of his poems and songs, which were then becoming very popular and much discussed." It is curious how reputations come and go. In how many "places where they sing" do we now hear Marzials' "Twickenham Ferry"? And how often are his verses quoted? "The Gallery of Pigeons and Other Poems" of 1873 remains his only published volume of original work. His "Pan Pipes" of 1882 (reproduced in 1900) was only a collection of old songs to which he had put pianoforte accompaniments. There is a short notice of him in Mr. Miles' "Poets and Poetry of the Century," but no quotation from his verse. A few of his shorter pieces—quatrains and the like—were reproduced in the collection called "Latter-Day Lyrics" (1878).

There has been quite a protracted correspondence in one of the Sunday newspapers on the subject of Adah Isaacs Menken and her volume of "Infelicia" (1868). We are now told that this book was really the work of one John Thomson, or that at any rate he had a good deal to do with its production. Some idiotic gossip used to attribute the book to Mr. Swinburne, of all people; perhaps because it had for motto the lines:—

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine that is bloody,
And some as with tears.

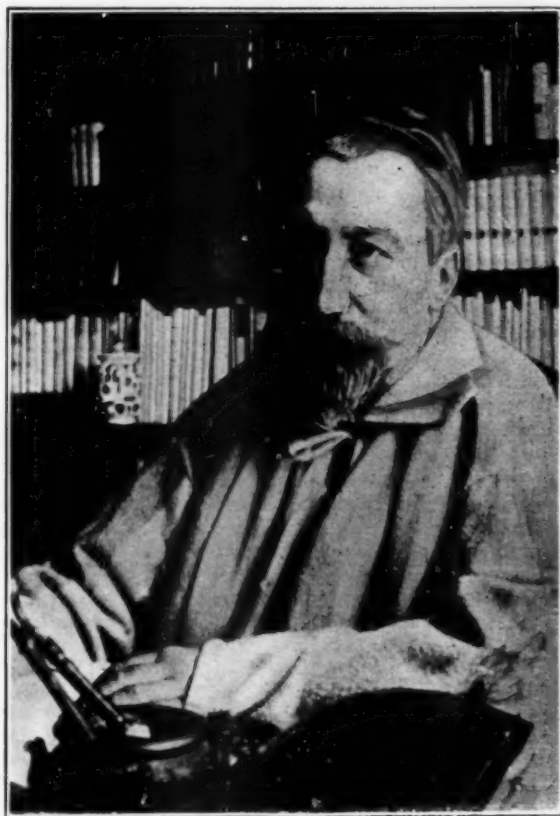
A good deal of "Infelicia" is rhapsodical prose after the manner of Whitman; the verse in it is of the poorest quality, and to ascribe it to Mr. Swinburne was to insult that great poet quite gratuitously. I see no reason to suppose that Menken did not write the book herself. She was obviously a clever woman, and apparently had received an exceptionally good education.

I have been asked to supply a list of Mr. George Gissing's successive publications. The following is, I believe, approximately complete: "Workers in the Dawn" (1880), "The Unclassed" (1884), "Demos" (1886), "Isabel Clarendon" (1886), "Thyrza" (1887), "A Life's Morning" (1888), "The Nether World" (1889), "The Emancipated" (1890), "New Grub Street" (1891), "Born in Exile" (1892), "Denzil Quarrier" (1892), "The Odd Women" (1893), "In the Year of Jubilee" (1894), "Eve's Ransom" (1895), "Sleeping Fires" (1895), "The Paying Guest" (1896), "Human Odds and Ends" (short stories, 1897), "The Whirlpool" (1897), "The Town Traveller" (1898), "Charles Dickens" (in the "Victorian Era Series," 1898), "The Crown of Life" (1899), "Our Friend the Charlatan" (1901), "By the Ionian Sea" (a book of travel, 1901), an abridgment of Forster's "Life of Dickens" (1902), "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" (1903). In addition to this, there is the work done for the "Rochester" edition of Dickens.

Said a writer in *The Times* the other day, "If any one tried to choose a Christmas anthology out of the English poets, he would find it difficult to fill even a small book with good verses. Most poems about Christmas have more piety than poetry in them." That may be so; but the attempt to compile an anthology of Christmas verse has been made more than once of recent years. In 1885 there was a "Christmas Garland," made up of carols and other poems from the fifteenth century to the present time. In 1890 there came from America "Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story." This was followed, in 1895, by a little collection of "Christmas Poems," and by "A Book

of Christmas Verse" which had been compiled by the Rev. (now Canon) H. C. Beeching, and which was reproduced in 1897 and 1898. In 1896 there also came "A Christmas Posy" of verse. The field, it will be seen, has been tolerably well tilled of late.

There will be many to welcome the "Gathered Poems by Ernest Myers" which Messrs. Macmillan are about to



M. ANATOLE FRANCE

[Photo: Gilbert and Co., Paris.]

issue—always assuming that the task of "gathering" has been well performed. Mr. Myers' volumes of verse include "The Puritans" (a one-act play, 1869), "The Extant Odes of Pindar" (translated, 1874), "Poems" (1877), "The Defence of Rome and Other Poems" (1880), and "The Judgment of Prometheus and Other Poems" (1886). It will be interesting to note how these are dealt with in the forthcoming collection.

The announcement of a new book by Mrs. Eliza Brightwen reminds one of the great success of her first work—"Wild Nature Won by Kindness," which, published originally in 1890, came out in a fifth and revised edition in 1893. It was followed by "More About Wild Nature," (1892) and "Rambles with Nature Students" (1899). "Sidelights on the Bible" appeared in 1901, but it is pleasant to see that the lady is now returning to her first love—Nature.

Messrs. Routledge have just re-issued, in gift-book guise, Longfellow's translation of "The Divine Comedy"—a version which, if it is not very widely read, has certainly run through a fair number of editions. Among the most recent of these may be mentioned the issues of 1877, 1885, 1886, 1890 (in two volumes), 1891, 1892, and 1893 (one of the Lubbock Hundred Best Books).

THE BOOKWORM.

1903

Biography

OBVIOUSLY the biography of the year is that of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Morley—not merely because the subject was and is of so much interest to so many, but because the biographer has done his work with so much impartiality and skill. It is no fault of Mr. Morley that he has been able to tell us nothing new about the man as apart from the statesman. It is to be presumed that if Mr. Morley has drawn less than was expected on the journals and correspondence of his hero, it has been because the material at his disposal was less large or less fruitful than was supposed. Here we have to do chiefly with the literary aspect of biography, and from that point of view Mr. Henry James' "W. W. Story" comes next in importance to Mr. Morley's "Gladstone." In this case the subject makes no very wide appeal, and Mr. James' cleverly-constructed volumes are likely to secure for the American poet-sculptor a permanency of fame which that worthy was unable to compass by his own achievements.

A large proportion of the biography of the year has been literary in its topic. We have had, for instance, a "Life of Bret Harte" which, though rather flimsy in substance and undistinguished in style, was fairly adequate to the occasion. Somewhat the same verdict may be passed upon the "Robert Buchanan" of Miss Harriett Jay. Very much more technical mastery was shown by Mr. Graves in his account of Sir George Grove, who, though associated mainly with the "Dictionary of Music," may be regarded on general grounds as a *littérateur*, and whose letters proved unexpectedly attractive. The "Crabbe" of Canon Ainger and the "Fanny Burney" of Mr. Dobson are, of course, compilations in a sense, but are so particularly well done that they are likely to remain the standard authorities in their respective spheres. Mr. Coleman's "Charles Reade as I Knew Him" is bulky enough in all conscience, but is not so much a memoir as a series of random recollections. Disappointingly slight was the book on Dr. John Brown by his cousin and namesake, and necessarily slight were the biographical sketches of Dr. Robert Wallace, G. Douglas Brown, Anna Swanwick, and Edna Lyall. It is to be hoped that Mr. Walker's booklet on Lord De Tabley is only a preliminary study for a more solid performance. We have received from Mr. Dobell some fresh "Sidelights on Charles Lamb"; Mr. Julian Hawthorne has added to his published memoranda about his father; more "Rossetti papers" have proceeded from the apparently inexhaustible store of Mr. W. M. Rossetti; and the R. L. Stevenson tradition has been continued in his mother's very Stevensonian narrative of her visit to America and the South Seas, and in his step-daughter's graphic "Vailima Memories."

A good many of the biographies of 1903 were devoted to "distinguished foreigners." Among these were Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Isabella D'Este, and Hernando de Soto, whose character and work have now been fairly expounded for the benefit of the English reader. Voltaire, too, will be all the better understood here in future for the care and vivacity with which his life-story has been told by "S. G. Tallentyre." From the Master of Peterhouse we have had a scholarly monograph on the Electress Sophia, and from Lord Goschen an elaborate tribute to his grandfather, the publisher, and his circle. Rather of the nature of book-making is "A King's Romance" (that of the Servian Milan); while who shall say how much of romance there may not be in "A Keystone of Empire" (Francis Joseph)? In the department of historical biography there have been

the books on the second Duke of Buckingham (a real contribution to the library), Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Daniel O'Connell. This memoir of the chief author of "The Rehearsal" was certainly a desideratum. Among the subjects of contemporary biography have been Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain (by Mr. Jeyes), and Miss Marie Corelli (by two devout but injudicious admirers). In appropriate celebrations of English fighting-men, 1903 was rich: note the volumes on Sir James Outram, Lord Gough, Lord Seaton, and Sir Donald Stewart. Those religious teachers, Father Dolling, T. T. Carter of Clewer, H. C. Shuttleworth, and James Martineau, were the subjects of works ranging from the full "Life and Letters" to the slender "Reminiscences." Among the "miscellaneous" must be included the biographies of "A Versatile Professor" (Dr. Nares), a clever family (The Hawthreys), a friend of Coleridge (Tom Wedgwood), a consul who did not prance (Lord Dufferin), an Oxford light of other days (Sir Henry Acland), a police magistrate (Commissioner Kerr), and a provincial magnate (Sir Llewellyn Turner).

Among last year's Memoirs were a few which owe their main value to the letters they reproduced—those of Sir Henry Layard and of Bishop Westcott, for example. In these cases, as in the "More Letters by Charles Darwin," the subjects of the books told their own tale in very acceptable fashion. This too was done in part in the "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," published by Sir Crichton Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle in (one fears) a polemical rather than in a biographical spirit. Of these "Letters," which could not fail to be absorbing, it is sufficient to record that they, and the introduction to them, drew from the representatives of Mr. Froude a document by that writer ("My Relations with Carlyle") which was universally read with pain. The Correspondence of Lady Burghersh proved to be a contribution to the biography of the "great world-victor's victor," Wellington. "The Orrery Papers" had a considerably wider scope, for they supplied at once a family history and numerous side-lights on bygone times. "The Creevey Papers" are, in a way, the biography of T. Creevey, M.P., but obviously they are very much more than that: they are invaluable "*mémoires pour servir*," and belong to historical rather than to biographical literature. Mr. Meynell's "Benjamin Disraeli" stands out from other books of the kind as an excellent specimen of the anecdotal biography: it presents no consecutive narrative, but supplies, by cumulative touches, a portrait sufficiently vivid and *vraisemblant*. There have been in 1903 other books, not devoted to any one person in particular, which have nevertheless a biographical interest and utility. Foremost among these is Mr. Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography," followed by Mr. McCarthy's "Portraits of the Sixties," Mr. Ward's "Problems and Persons," Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Out of the Past," and the "Personalialia" of the still unidentified "Sigma." In all these instances the authors discourse of people whom they have personally known.

It remains to mention the more prominent autobiographies of the year. Among these, Lord Wolseley's admittedly stands first—not, of course, on account of its literary quality, which is not conspicuous, but on account of its present and its permanent interest. If it should not enjoy the popular success obtained by Lord Roberts' similar work, that will be chiefly because Lord Wolseley has been more diffuse than his predecessor, and has made the mistake of postponing to another time the conclusion of his narrative. From the point of view of mere popularity, one may rank next to Lord Wolseley's book those by the late William

Simpson, Sir Frank Burnand, Mr. Arthur à Beckett ("The À Becketts of 'Punch'"), the late J. C. Horsley, Mr. Plowden, and Dean Pigou. The Dean gives us only some "Odds and Ends." Mr. Plowden is agreeably frank, and Mr. Horsley invariably entertaining. The editor and ex-assistant-editor of "Punch" both shed light on the literary and journalistic history of the past few decades. Very readable, and not without substance in them, are the additional "Recollections" of Sir Horace Rumbold; readable, too, are Mr. W. E. Adams' "Memoirs of a Social Atom"—both books are full of variety. From the autobiography of Mr. Guinness Rogers we gain informing details regarding "the Dissidence of Dissent," with incidental references to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. Of the Memoirs of George Elers, and of the Reminiscences of the first Earl of Ellesmere, the chief features are the anecdotes of Wellington which personal acquaintance enabled the writers to supply.

English Historical Literature

In history, the past year has been noteworthy rather for the continuation of important works already begun than for the appearance of any very noteworthy new books. The two great Universities have given evidence of the activity of their schools of historical work. At Cambridge, Professor J. B. Bury's inaugural lecture (published by the University Press) has given an earnest of the zeal with which he takes up the work of organisation due to his eminent predecessors, Sir John Seeley and Lord Acton. Lord Acton's own lectures have appeared, and added to the regret always felt by students that one who knew so enormously much history should have written so very little. Another volume has appeared of the "Cambridge Modern History," written on the co-operative plan which Lord Acton had mapped out. It deals with the history of the United States on a method something like that of the great work edited by Justin Winsor, though less sumptuous in scale, and not choked with bibliography. At Oxford, Mr. Charles Oman has given another volume of his admirable "History of the Peninsular War," going down to the end of the Talavera campaign, and clearing up in the light of later knowledge many matters left obscure or distorted by the brilliant but not always fair eloquence of Napier.

Military history has revived of late, as is perhaps only natural after a considerable war. The Times "History of the Boer War" goes on, and another volume of the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's "History of the British Army" has appeared, bringing the story down to that "darkest hour before the dawn"—the Netherlands campaigns of the Duke of York. Several minor contributions to military history have appeared in the shape of memoirs and recollections of the Peninsular War, and accounts of separate phases of the South African War, such as the "History of Lumsden's Horse" by H. H. S. Pearse.

A mournful interest attaches to some of the volumes of the year, in that they are the last fruit of some tree of learning cut down, as it seemed to us, in full vigour. The new issue of the late Professor S. R. Gardiner's unfinished "History of the Commonwealth," with one more completed chapter, and the "Historical Lectures and Addresses" of Bishop Creighton are of this class, though the latter historian would hardly have found time to carry on his historical work in his laborious diocese, or the still higher position to which he would probably have attained had he lived. Professor Freeman's memory is kept alive by a reissue of his "Historical Geography of Europe," revised by Professor J. B. Bury.

Sir George Trevelyan, happily carrying out the brilliant literary promise of his early days, and giving back to mankind what was too good for party, has issued the

second part of his narrative of the "American Revolution." He keeps up the Whig traditions of his family, but is fairer than his famous uncle. Two interesting works on Indian history have appeared; "Ledger and Sword," though its title savours too much of fiction, is a history of the East India Company, in which the commercial and financial side of the organisation is brought out—a phase that we are apt to forget in the clash of arms and the blaze of the jewels of picturesque sovereigns. Mr. Beckles Willson has recalled this aspect to us, and Mr. S. C. Hill, charged with the care of Indian records, has told the story of the commercial ruin of the French in Bengal in his "Three Frenchmen in Bengal"—a tale hitherto obscured by the more sensational struggle in Southern India.

Several well-known historical writers have followed up their lines of research with fresh books. Mr. Edwin Pears, in his "Destruction of the Greek Empire," has told of the second fall of the Eastern Empire before the Turks, as he formerly told of its first overthrow by Latin Crusaders. Mr. Andrew Lang has pursued his ingenious, if sometimes over-subtle, inquiries into obscure and intricate byways of history in his volume of studies called "The Valet's Tragedy" (again a good title for a novel). Some of the authors known as historical novelists have turned their attention to romantic history. Mr. Julian Corbett has given the naval story of "England in the Mediterranean," and Sir Gilbert Parker has collaborated in a history of "Old Quebec." Mr. W. H. Wilkins has given another of his interesting eighteenth century studies in his life of Sophie Dorothee of Zell—called, novelistically, "The Love of an Unmarried Queen."

An interesting volume of the Calendar of State Papers has appeared, dealing with Ireland in 1600. Ecclesiastical history is richer by the posthumous work of the late Professor Bright, "The Age of the Fathers." Mr. John Willcock's account of "The Great Marquess," the only Argyll who bore the title, known chiefly as the enemy of Montrose, throws light on a puzzling character in an intricate time. An interesting and useful study of Napoleonic methods, now that the Emperor is once more becoming the object of a cult, both here and abroad, is to be found in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's "Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship in Germany." There we see how the subjects of Napoleon's vassal States were raised by the Code and crushed by the Conscription.

Two more general histories have appeared: Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years," and Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England," the first part. Written from differing political standpoints, both may add to our knowledge. Miss Bateson's work on "Medieval England," dealing with social matters chiefly, is valuable alike to historian and economist.

Abroad the most noteworthy event has been the death of Mommsen, one of the great generation of the founders of the German Empire—the Bismarck of Roman history. His work, it was known, was practically ended; but his death removed a vigorous and striking figure, as well as a man of vast learning and great power. His occasional intolerance of judgment could not disguise the great value of his contribution to our knowledge of the history that is called ancient. With him ended the great generation of German historians; though, as in our own country, and to a greater extent, the production of valuable and careful work continues. The modern methods of history leave less scope for individual eminence, now that too much is known for any single mind to master completely, except in studying a brief period.

Theology

IN the domain of Old Testament criticism the importance of the news that is being furnished by the researches of Assyriologists was brought home to the general public in this country at the beginning of the past year by the publication of Delitzsch's "Babel and Bible," two lectures originally delivered in the presence of the German Emperor. Under the title "The Oldest Code of Laws in the World" had already appeared an English translation of the Code of Hammurabi, and in our Christmas number we had under review Mr. Stanley Cook's "The Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi." Therein are discussed two questions: the sources and date of the Code itself; and its relation to that Book of the Covenant which forms the basis of the Jewish Law. This author perceives that already there are signs of a reaction among experts against the impulse to have recourse to the "wand of cuneiform research" for the solution of every Old Testament enigma. English contributions to Old Testament criticism indeed are for the most part of a conservative character. Such, for instance, is Mr. McFadyen's "Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church." Not that the assured results are ignored, but that their importance, as diminishing the value of the sacred books for ethical and doctrinal purposes, is reduced to a minimum. A similar line is taken in Mr. Preserved Smith's contribution to the International Theological Library, "Old Testament History." The traditional documents, whatever the history of their origins, picture a nation's soul that passed through the furnace of affliction to fit it to give birth to him whom its prophets foretold as the Sun of Righteousness.

Closely allied with this branch of inquiry is Mr. Tennant's highly philosophical inquiry into "The Sources of the Doctrines of the Fall and of Original Sin." After an exhaustive but inconclusive examination of contemporary legends, Mr. Tennant seeks by psychological analysis to solve the problem *à priori*. Knowledge begets consciousness of evil; progressive civilisation imposes heavier demands upon individual will and enforces a wider breach with the state of nature, and it seems as if "he that increases knowledge increaseth sorrow." The composite legend was found by the people and shaped by their genius; by them it was handed on till it received its final form in the soul of Augustine. And this is an appropriate corner for a mention of Mr. C. G. Montefiore's "Liberal Judaism," a remarkable essay towards a better understanding between his people and a world through which they are scattered abroad.

Among penultimate philosophers the vogue of Nietzsche received a fillip in February from the publication of a translation of his "Dawn of Day," a collection of detached thoughts worked out by him more fully elsewhere; which gave rise to some correspondence in our columns. The value-judgment theories of Ritschlian school are reflected in the essays of Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, published under the general title "Humanism." And it is perhaps to be attributed to the same influence that we have two volumes under the name of Anselm—"Devotions," and the complete works; for the famous ontological argument is certainly akin to the value-judgment. A complete contrast in method is furnished by the late Frederic Myers' "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." Myers argued from observed facts to his great generalisation. Whatever may be thought of its ultimate thesis, we said at the time that the book appeared, it is beyond question a work of the most profound and wide-reaching interest, forming a complete survey of the facts with which psychical research attempts to deal, and setting forth with singular persuasiveness and exquisite temper the interpretation of those facts which Mr. Myers thought that right reason compelled him to adopt.

In the field of history a momentary sensation was made by Mr. John Pollock's "The Popish Plot." Mr. Pollock had undertaken, in accordance with a suggestion of Lord Acton, an inquiry into one of the unsolved doubts which obscure the episode of which Titus Oates was the centre. His book was marked by wide research and daring speculation. Too daring indeed it was shown to be when, in their organ, "The Month," and elsewhere, the coldly logical mind of an English Jesuit was brought to bear upon his conclusions. We noticed also the sixth instalment of "The History of the English Church" treating of the period from the accession of Charles I. to the death of Anne, by Mr. W. H. Hutton. Of far wider scope was the admirable translation of Paul Wernle's study of "The Beginnings of Christianity," wherein the German disciple of Carlyle finds the solution of the riddle of Christianity in the enthusiastic hero-worship of Saul of Tarsus. We must content ourselves with a bare mention of Mr. Hannay's "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism," of "Anchoresses of the West," by F. M. Steele, and of E. Belfort Bax's "Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists"—all of them books which interested us. Though it hardly counts as history, we may name here the charming "Life of St. Mary Magdalen," excellently translated from the Italian of an unknown author and introduced by Vernon Lee. Mr. W. S. Lilly and Mr. Wilfrid Ward published volumes of essays, "Christianity and Modern Civilisation" and "Problems and Persons," bearing upon the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the world.

"The Life of Father Dolling," by Charles E. Osborne, is the most notable contribution to spiritual biography. Here, we thought, was neither theorist nor man of letters—for he was professedly "an ignoramus" in book-learning—but a spiritual genius, an intensely human saint, who knew God's secret and lived it. The son of Dr. Westcott, late Bishop of Durham, in a work excellent alike in tone and temper, printed the life of his distinguished father.

Of the numerous volumes of sermons which passed into our hands, the majority at a high level of thought and style, the most memorable were those by Archdeacon Wilberforce, "Following on to Know the Lord"; Dr. Campbell, "City Temple Sermons"; and Mr. Stopford Brooke, "The King of Love." Mr. J. Brierley's "Problems of Living," a collection of essays, is worthy to be mentioned beside these.

Poetry

THE year 1903 has not been for English poetry, or poetry in English, precisely an *annus mirabilis*. A poem by W. E. Henley—his swan-song; new volumes by Messrs. Watson, Kipling, Austin, Yeats, Davidson, and Binyon; a new poet in Mr. Zangwill; a new poetess in Miss Ethel Clifford; and the full discovery of Thomas Traherne—these are the leading features of a not too striking twelvemonth.

For the most part it has been a matter of marking time. Only one of the accepted poets can be said to have made a notable advance in his art; and that, of course, is Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose "Death of Adam" has struck the popular imagination. Mr. Binyon's work has always had the respect, if not the applause, of the critics, while to the public he has been little more than a name. Now, all of a sudden, he has produced a single and not elaborate poem in which the human note is sounded simply and clearly, and at once he receives the recognition which is his due. The lesson ought not to be thrown away upon the younger writers of verse, who seem to think it is to their interest to get as far away as possible from the broad roads and streams of sympathy. Mr. Binyon has succeeded in "The Death of Adam," not only because he has given voice to an all-prevailing instinct, but because he has

done so without obscurity and affectation. His style is still a little tortuous and cumbrous, and his lyric measures are wanting in ease and grace. It is in the more stately forms of verse that he is likely to make most impression on his countrymen.

His contemporaries stand where they stood before. There is no revelation of new power in Mr. Watson's "For England," or Mr. Kipling's "Five Nations," or Mr. Austin's "Flodden Field," or Mr. Yeats's two volumes, or Mr. Davidson's "Knight of the Maypole." The last-named, indeed, is compounded of prose as well as verse. It is dramatic in construction—that is, it professes to be a play; but neither the verse nor the prose in it has any special distinction, and its performance in public is scarcely to be looked for. As literature it is below the highest level to which Mr. Davidson has attained. Mr. Austin has been more fortunate than Mr. Davidson—if it be good fortune—inasmuch as his play has actually been played. It has, however, no dramatic grip, the "situations" being obvious, and the dialogue "poetical" rather than effective. It has some pretty and pleasing passages, but that is all. We have here the drama of the study, not the stage. "The Five Nations" leaves Mr. Kipling where he was. Here and there we seem to detect, amid the rush of rigorous rhetoric, a softer, tenderer tone than is usual with this vehement writer. But in the main we get here the more prevailing Kipling—the insistent and persistent, the rough and ready, the journalistic rather than poetic. For the first time, it may be noted, "Recessional" appears here within the boards of a volume. In Mr. Watson's "For England" we have the poet as politician, striving with all his might to maintain an unpopular position. In the matter of manner and diction Mr. Watson is, in these sonnets, quite himself at his best, and his verses will, in the case of many of his readers, secure pardon for his views.

In the newcomers—Mr. Zangwill and Miss Clifford—we have some performance and more promise. In the former's "Blind Children" there is a pathos and prettiness, but most power is shown (as might be expected) in the treatment of Jewish character and ideas. Why should not Mr. Zangwill become the present-day laureate of his race? He has enthusiasm and he has vigour; and if he cannot always be poetical, he can always be agreeably rhetorical. Miss Clifford's "Songs of Dreams" are typical of almost all the newer feminine verse—happier in selecting than in dealing with the more elusive moods of mind and soul. Our women writers are just now more subtle and intimate than most of their masculine contemporaries, but they seem unable to give perfectly adequate expression to their sentiments and sensations. They interest, they touch, they charm, for the moment; but what they have said has not been said once for all; there is a lingering sense of inadequacy even in the most interesting, most touching, most charming of the things they say.

One sees this even in the most welcome of the year's produce on the feminine side—in Mrs. Marriott Watson's "After Sunset," Mrs. Le Bailly's "Other Poems," Miss Alma Tadema's "Songs of Womanhood," Mrs. Shorter's "As the Sparks Fly Upward," Laurence Hope's "Stars of the Desert," and Lady Lindsay's "From a Venetian Balcony." We have named these writers in what seems to us to be the order of their accomplishments as verse-makers. Mrs. Watson comes easily first—the remainder *longo intervallo*. And yet how much there is in all the above volumes to attract and stir or soothe! Let us be grateful for the good the gods provide. From Vernon Lee we receive this year a play in verse—"Ariadne in Mantua"; but it has no real vitality. A little removed, too, from general sympathy are some of the products of the male makers of verse—such as "The Centaur's Booty" and "The Rout of the Amazons" of Mr. Sturge Moore. Much more to the taste of the hour are the "Dantesques" of Mr. G. A. Greene, "The Flower of Old

Japan" of Mr. Alfred Noyes, and the "Ballads" of Mr. Masfield, who is at his best when treating of the sea. The collector may be advised to place all these three volumes on his shelves. Mr. Hamilton Aidé's "Past and Present" is the work of a versifier pure and simple, and as a contribution to literature does not count at all.

The volumes by Thomas Traherne and Lord de Tabley, published in 1903, might almost be regarded as new verse, so little has Lord de Tabley been read, and so little was known about Traherne. The historic value of the latter's output has been universally recognised; he is, however, only one member of a choir to whose combined voices he adds a certain measure of strength, not sweetness. Mr. Mackail has translated the first six books of the *Odyssey* into the stanza of FitzGerald's Omar, and with an effect pleasing or disconcerting according to the predilections of the reader. Whether Homeric or not Homeric, the narrative flows with very agreeable smoothness, and as a *tour de force* is entitled to recognition. From over-seas have come volumes of new verse by those established poets, Messrs. C. G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. Among the humours of the year have been a book of "Sporting Sonnets," and another of "Ballads in Blue" by an inspired policeman. Some might include in those humours the issue of the Collected Works of Mr. George Barlow and Mr. J. Johnston-Smith, and the publication of two new volumes by Mr. Whitworth Wynne. But perhaps one ought always to respect enthusiasm and perseverance, even when they seem to be exerted in the wrong direction and to have no tangible results.

Fiction

THE novel ran like a locust through Great Britain in 1903, devouring most of the leisure which the public spared from picture puzzles. Of the vast output about ninety, by some merit rarer than readability, deserved to stay the pulper's inexorable machine.

In the department of posthumous fiction we had an elaborate, earnest, and radiantly witty study in heredity and parentage by Samuel Butler. The second volume of Frank Norris's intended trilogy on wheat delivered Art's last word on that monstrosity of Commerce, a food-corner; and, with the appearance of "The Captain's Toll-Gate," a turnpike story of a humour deliciously leisurely, the world grew sore again at the loss of Stockton.

The surprise of the year was "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. In this story of a half St. Bernard's return, *viâ* the terrible experiences of breaking-in and government sleigh-dragging, to its ancient inheritance of freedom under the laws of carnivora, we had a poem that stung and thrall'd. Beside it Mr. Ollivant's "Danny"—another dog-story, tearfully pretty—was but a Christmas card.

The satiric novel of society bloomed in many ways. Mr. Percy White was decorously dry, Mr. Ranger-Gull wickedly epigrammatic. In describing the neglected childhood of the daughter of "The Viscountess Normanhurst," Mr. E. H. Cooper surpassed his former work. The church of Laodicea was brightly satirised in Mr. R. Turner's "The Steeple," and the male gossip sing'd at the lamp of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Mr. Whiteing struck a blow in "The Yellow Van" at the aristocratic land-monopoly, and Mr. Benson pleased Mr. Howells by his drawing of rich America in "The Relentless City."

The "sex" novel was justified by Mr. Flowerdew, who in "The Woman's View" demonstrated the danger of a religious marriage ceremony to women fanatically inclined. The physical antipathy even in Brighton of white to black supplied the pathetic element in Mr. Merrick's "Quaint Companions," a significant though gentle book;

and Mr. Marriott in his clever but inadequate "House on the Sands" exhibited the seamy side of platonic friendship. The only important *roman à clef* was "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who skilfully strove to materialise the historic fascinations of Mlle. de l'Espinasse.

English peasant life inspired some good novels. Mr. Blyth diabolised the Norfolk "bor" in "Juicy Joe"; Mr. Orme Angus delightfully apotheosised the managing woman of Dorsetshire in "Sarah Tuldon"; and Mr. Gilchrist owed a modest success to Derbyshire.

The best Irish novel was Mr. Buckley's "Croppies Lie Down"—presenting an impartial picture of both sides in the rebellion of '98. Mr. Stephen Gwynn vigorously illustrated in "John Maxwell's Marriage" the tyranny of the parent and the scandalous levity of the Protestant priest in the Ireland of 1760. In "The Untilled Field" Mr. Moore directed attention to the anti-social effect of the priest in modern Ireland. Dr. William Barry took his liberty-loving Irish hero to Paris during the Commune, and as usual was too rhetorical. He should take the tonic shock of hearing a saintly woman called a "heifer," as in Mr. Shan Bullock's grey Ulster novel "The Squireen."

Colonial fiction offered nothing better than a "first novel"—"Bush Studies," by Barbara Baynton. She set unconsciously a lesson of realism to Mrs. Campbell Praed, whose "Fugitive Anne," strikingly studious of local colour, nevertheless revolves in melodrama.

Excellent Anglo-Indian novels came from four ladies. Mrs. Steel's "In the Guardianship of God" showed a rare knowledge of Indian custom and character, expressed in short stories which occasionally rose above talent. Mrs. Perrin in "The Stronger Claim" and Mrs. Penny in "A Mixed Marriage" showed respectively the imprudence of marrying English ladies to Eurasians and Mahomedans. Jovial contrast to their sombre themes was supplied by "The Thin Red Line of Heroes," a phonograph of idle chatter hidden by Mrs. Maturin in the vivacity of a born letter-writer.

Neptune found his prophet solely in Mr. Conrad, whose "Typhoon," first of a quartet, gave "the black hills of water" in the China seas both speech and drama. Mr. Bullen was less inevitably the story-teller in "Sea-Wrack," but for whales there was nowhere better to go to except the sea. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne presented in "McTodd" a drunken engineer, an inferior contemporary of Captain Kettle; whereas Mr. Jacobs' salts were as funny as ever in "Odd Craft."

At the head of the year's adventurous romance comes Mr. Neil Munro's "Children of Tempest," a Hebridean tale of fate and superstition. Mr. Bernard Capes was, despite his poetic quality, too profuse and too "rechurch" in style, as plebeians say, quite to succeed in "A Castle in Spain," a novel which depicts a bogus Louis XVII. The other extreme was reached in the unadorned "Adventures of Harry Revel," an ex-sweep, by Mr. Quiller Couch. As for "The MS. in a Red Box," a rough-and-tumble seventeenth-century tale of Lincolnshire, it thrived mainly by the interest aroused by the clever advertisement addressed by the publisher to its mysterious author. "Romance," by Messrs. Conrad and Hueffer, was a hurly-burly of adventure which "came off" like Brock's fireworks.

Glimpses of literary and artistic laboratories were afforded by several writers. In "The Way Back" Mr. Kinross—whose touch in writing of women is sometimes like a bang—smartly assailed a journalism which should be American rather than English, and his point of view was independently supported by "The Odd-Job Man," a brilliant novel by Mr. Onions about a hack artist. Frank Danby drew a harrowing picture of a South African genius led astray by a financial Bel-Ami. Sir George Douglas adroitly developed in "The Man of Letters" the character

of a literary prig. Actor's "shop" was too profuse in Mr. John Barry's "A Daughter of Thespis," which THE ACADEMY hoped would equal his "Acrobat" of 1900. Promising débuts were made in novels that severally portrayed a great actress, a lady composer and a ravishing pianist, by Mrs. Thurston, "Janet Laing," and Miss Rosamond Langbridge. Of these productions the poorest, but most coherent, was Mrs. Thurston's "The Circle," which went into five impressions. "Janet Laing's" venture was "The Wizard's Aunt," and Miss Langbridge's "The Flame and the Flood."

The sensation novel assumed unwonted grandeur in Mr. Shiel's "The Weird o' It" and "Unto the Third Generation." They are volcanic works over which Fate spreads black wings. Shrinking from no horror, Hugo-like in his encyclopædic realism, his shockers are a Titan's poems. For his *proxime accessit* in 1903 we must take Miss Braddon, who in "The Conflict" treated spiritual "possession" with power and judgment. Mr. Wells, in "Twelve Stories and a Dream," handled a similar idea with characteristic straightforwardness. Mr. March, on the other hand, in "A Metamorphosis" simply changes a man's clothes, and hurries him through a whirl of objective experiences. What may be described as theological sensation was provided in Guy Thorne's novel "When it was Dark," which turns on forged evidence against the Resurrection, and has a proper atmosphere of scholarship.

Among miscellaneous novels of distinction Mr. Oswald Crawford's "The Ways of a Millionaire" showed a poetic idea of the power of money. Mr. Paul Gwynne displayed in "The Pagan at the Shrine" a knowledge of Spain incomparable among English novelists, though his art has still to grow. Mr. Basil King opposed to the problem novel "In Charity's Garden," a pretty romance wherein a deserted wife allows her late husband's mistress to pose as his widow. Mrs. Dudeney, deserting her grimness, charmingly recalled early Victorian days when Methodists shrank from crossing their braces; and Mr. Quiller Couch convinced Mr. Shorter that his portrait of "Hetty Wesley" constituted the novel of the year. An American humourist, Mr. A. H. Lewis, was introduced to English readers, and "Wolfville Days" proclaimed him the creator (with obligation to Bret Harte) of the Arizona cattle man.

As to the "veterans," Mr. Henry James was himself to the last wrinkle of beloved mannerism in "The Better Sort" and "The Ambassadors." Mr. Zangwill was unsatisfyingly copious in "The Grey Wig," a collection of tales, though the humour of his wiggled lady flashed from even the Morgue where he left her. Mr. W. E. Norris kept, at his accustomed temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, a well-composed story which touched the direct improprieties of social intercourse. Mr. Marion Crawford was at his best in "The Heart of Rome," where a lost Aphrodite pillows a slandered girl. In "Griff of Griffithscourt" Miss Helen Mathers created an unforgettable type of female loyalty and insubordination. Miss Mann's art shone in "Grandma's Jane."

Of the younger writers whom one expects to turn up like a magazine, Mr. Hornung pleased in "No Hero," where a divorcee melts the heart of the man who was to spoil her game. Mr. Pett Ridge dealt intelligently in "Erb" with the career of a railway agitator.

On the whole 1903 was a good year for fiction. The fatal predilections which prevent perfection still, it is true, persisted. Limelight and artifice came between many and success. But there was an enlarged power of expression, a power which would have surprised Richardson, and even George Eliot, consequent on the steady researches of their successors for innumerable right words.

Literature in the Law Courts

THE year 1903 has not been fruitful in important cases, or productive of monumental decisions in the law of letters. It is, indeed, a little to be wondered at, having regard to the patent acrimony of literary disputes, that so few came up for settlement by the courts. But it is to be feared that the paucity of decisions is due rather to the universal reluctance of injured parties, whether authors or publishers, to test the law so long as it remains in its present chaotic condition than to the "sweet reasonableness" of the literary temperament.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica" was the cause of another service to literature during 1903, besides those with which we are sufficiently familiar. For one of the earliest cases of the year was that of Messrs. A. & C. Black et al v. Imperial Book Company, Limited, and James Hale, which was heard at Toronto on the 3rd of January. Mr. Justice Street granted a perpetual injunction restraining the defendants from importing into Canada any copies or any parts printed in any country outside the British Dominions, thus establishing the integrity of Imperial Copyright apart altogether from the Canadian statutes. The production of a certified copy of the Register at Stationers' Hall was held, following the Copyright Act, 1842, to be sufficient *prima facie* proof of proprietorship under section 18 (which governs encyclopædias) as under section 11 (which governs books), while the Copyright Act itself was held to be in force in Canada. The judgment contains, moreover, a decision on one point raised by the defence which is useful as a warning to the trade. Section 152 of the Imperial Customs Act, 39 & 40 Vict., c. 36, requires copyright owners to give notice to the Commissioners of Customs of the existence and duration of their copyright in order to prohibit the importation of foreign reprints into British possessions. This direction, Mr. Justice Street held, would have been fatal to the plaintiff's claim—as they had not given the prescribed notice—but for the fact, which he found, that the Customs Act was not in force in Canada. Into the details of this finding we need not enter, but the trade will do well to note the view which coincides with that of Mr. Scrutton, K.C., who, moreover, in the fourth edition of his "Law of Copyright" (see page 213) suggests that the section may repeal ss. 17 and 29 of the Copyright Act, 1842, and literally deprive defaulting owners of their Colonial copyright.

Another case dealing with the "law of Encyclopædias" was decided, just as the year closed, in the House of Lords, which finally settled the much disputed points in *Affalo and Cook v. Lawrence and Bullen*. This case, which had been dealt with in the Chancery Division and the Court of Appeal mainly on points of law, was disposed of by the Lords reversing both previous decisions, mainly on the facts, finding, as their Lordships did, that the appellants had purchased the copyright in the articles written by the plaintiffs for the "Encyclopædia of Sport," and that the case was covered by authority. This decision has definitely established the absence of any necessity whatever on the part of proprietors to make an actual agreement that copyright in contributions should belong to them, certainly in the case of Encyclopædias, and probably, although Lord Shand's dictum was *obiter* in that of any collective or periodical works. The burden of proof is thus thrown upon the author, who has to show that he has specially contracted himself out of the 18th section, which no layman and few lawyers are capable of comprehending, or, at any rate, of interpreting alike. In this case Mr. Justice Joyce—followed by Lords Justices Romer and Stirling in the Court of Appeal—Lord Justice Vaughan Williams dissenting—found for the plaintiffs, while the Lord Chancellor and Lords Shand, Davey, and Robertson followed Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, but

on different grounds, and found for the defendants. The case will serve a useful purpose if only as demonstrating the cruel necessity for such a recasting of the statutes as shall render such a conflict of opinion on a simple issue impossible. That intelligent and honourable men should be hopelessly at variance as to what they are buying or selling is a reflection not on their probity, but on the jumble of statutory conditions which makes such a difference of view tenable.

There is a Cimmerian darkness about the rule as to what is a fair or unfair use of the labours of others in letters. Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce in *Dickens v. Lee* committed himself to the casuistical dictum as to the right to abridge that "there may be such an use of another man's publications as, involving the exercise of a new mental operation, may fairly and legitimately involve it." Nobody who has conducted any research can have failed to notice the wholesale annexation of the labours—and mistakes—of predecessors in the same field. The literature of copyright affords a host of examples. Mr. Justice Farwell has, however, no doubt given pause to the practice by his decision in the case of *Parry v. Moring and Gollancz*. In view of Mr. Gollancz' admissions as to his use of Judge Parry's edition of "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," it is difficult to see how an injunction could have been refused even if the "Letters" are in the public domain. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the case was dealt with on the defendant's admissions of fact and apart altogether from the precedents, some of which if not distinguished must have been overruled, and the difference between *meum* and *tuum* more fully defined.

The law regulating the liability of bailees may seem to be far removed from the laws of literature. But a case which was heard and decided by consent before one of the Masters of the Supreme Court illustrates the necessity for a code not only covering copyright but the whole of the incidents of the contract between authors and publishers. A MS. is voluntarily submitted for approval to a publisher and is lost. Who is responsible? Is the publisher a gratuitous bailee, and therefore liable only for gross negligence? Is he protected by notice disclaiming responsibility for loss? It is impossible to give the facts as there is no authorised report of the case, but the Master found that the case was taken out of the category of gratuitous bailees because the bailment was for the benefit of both parties, and that therefore the onus lay upon the defendant publisher of proving that the loss occurred without negligence, which he had failed to do. The disclaimer, again, was held not to bind the plaintiff, since it was not made when the MS. was received. Under the decision, so far as it is generally applicable, a publisher is liable for ordinary negligence unless he with the utmost promptitude contracts himself out of such liability and such a disclaimer is acquiesced in.

Art

THE year that is dead was not remarkable for the appearance amongst us of a new artist of the first rank, or indeed of any particular mark; whilst it has unfortunately seen the death of one of the greatest artists of our time, a man of unique personality and of consummate power—Whistler. And the light of another genius has guttered out in the socket—a man who should have been at the height of his manhood—the genial, kindly, sweet-natured man whom we knew so affectionately as Phil May. Compared to these two men, the others who have been reaped into the Great Majority by the Old Man with the Scythe—Horsley and Waller, the painter of elopements and sentiment, and Wells the portrait painter, and Maud the war artist—are but of second rank; but they held their place in the world even so.

The death of Whistler has overshadowed all other events in the world of art during the year. His beloved Chelsea will know the nervous, resolute, wiry figure with the flat-brimmed silk hat no more; the witty story and the sharp rapier anecdote will gather about his name as they did when alive, but the laugh has gone, and there remains of the man now but his superb achievement in art. A clean-souled man of genius he was, with a tender heart for a child, the cold shoulder for a coarse story, the ready repartee for the witty, and a passionate love of his art. His sensitive skin and a quarrelsome whim led him to the sallying forth into ridiculous and petty squabbles; yet the comedy of the man raised the smallest of his wrangles into witty encounters. But it is to his superb art that we must look for the greatness of the man; and no man could surpass him in the beauty of the melodious music which his colour gave out, glowing with the perfect expression of every mood he essayed to put into the terms of paint, and set down with a mastery of handling, of brushing, and of harmony that will make of his craftsmanship and of his art an immortal thing. I can remember as yesterday going into the rooms of the old Goupil Gallery in Bond Street, and standing before the master, work of a man whose name was unknown to me—I was a young cadet at Sandhurst and I think it was Whistler's first big exhibition—and I was astounded that the critics of the day, and Ruskin in particular, could be so lacking in art perception as to stand unmoved and scoffing and naked-souled and ridiculous before such exquisite beauty as was in the masterpieces upon those walls. To-day, work by Whistler crowds out almost everything else from the dealer's galleries; and we have had shows of his etchings that could scarcely be surpassed for completeness in the examples of his mastery over this medium.

Poor Phil May died in his prime, in strange contrast to the mellow old age and completed life of Whistler. His telling musical line sounds its rhythmic note no longer; and his quaint humour is silenced in the grave. What a thousand pities! It recalls a day I sat in his studio, and he stood brooding on the death of Beardsley. The pity of it.

Of the living men, Sargent's reputation has been further enhanced by the publication of his work in a sumptuous volume by Mr. Heinemann, with an essay by Mrs. Meynell. What a strange thing is artistic reputation! On what strange foundations built! I have just been reading an essay upon Sargent by this brilliant woman, and I do not find in it the slightest sign of the realisation of what constitutes Sargent's remarkable genius. Robert Louis Stevenson's saying of "that witty touch of Sargent's" so far from impressing me, only proves to me how much lack of the colour sense, the emotion of painting, was hidden under the strained English in Stevenson that won so many by its dread of the obvious. The man who could see as chief attribute "the witty touch" in the dominant music of Sargent's great resounding deeps, his eloquent massings, his big sonorous music, his vigorous statement, his superb feeling for character and arrangement, and his romantic musical sense of black and white—the man who could push all this man's huge gifts behind his "witty touch," was deaf to the greatness of Sargent and baffled by his magnitude. To look at Sargent's best work is to listen to an orchestration as profound as violin and deep-bellied 'cello and wood and brass wind can utter. It is resonant, large, deep-throated, orchestral—not precious.

The Royal Academy at last shows signs of awakening—though it may be but the yawn before the re-drowsing. Clausen has been appointed professor of painting; and results of a resurgent kind may ensue.

The strongest artistic body of our time, the International Society, has elected the great French sculptor to its head in place of the dead Whistler; and thus and otherwise shows signs of continued strength.

Mr. Conder has enhanced his reputation in water-colour with his exhibition of fans; and Mr. Hazlewood Shannon with his show of lithographs; whilst the Academy schools look like giving us a student of distinction in Mr. George Murray. And Mr. Strang maintains his Holbein-like reputation for the chalked portrait. But of the younger men of mark, Mr. Brangwyn, the Beggarstaff Brothers, and others have been mute; and the year has been tame in surprises.

The facsimile reproduction of works of art in colours has advanced rapidly; and Cassell's book on Turner's water-colours at the National Gallery, and some reproductions of pastels and the like in the "Studio" and the "Magazine of Art" display a perfection in mechanical colour printing that bids fair to bring the masterpieces of the colourists into our homes in this pleasant form.

The illustration of books is chiefly remarkable for the work of two American women, Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green and Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith, in their strong and very beautiful designs to "The Book of the Child." Altogether not a great year for Art.

Music

A BUSY year, considered musically, has had its most interesting feature perhaps, so far as London is concerned, in the concerts of the Strauss Festival given in June. Think what one may of Strauss, there is no denying his significance and importance, and this series of concerts composed entirely of his music brought home the fact in an unequivocal manner. It was, in a word, a most valuable opportunity of making acquaintance with Strauss' work as a whole, and though with characteristic apathy and lack of enterprise the London musical public for the most part stayed away, a certain number were more discerning, and gained thereby a knowledge of the man and an understanding of his aims and methods which could hardly have been come by in any other way.

Under the guidance now of the composer and now of Herr Mengelberg, all of his more important orchestral works, from "Till Eulenspiegel" to "Ein Heldenleben," were given by the members of the Concertgebouw Symphonic Orchestra from Amsterdam with the most perfect sympathy and understanding, and the result, it can hardly be doubted, was enormously to advance their general understanding and appreciation. This is by no means to imply that Richard Strauss is now universally recognised as the genius which his more devoted followers reckon him; but at least there is no longer any question regarding his right to be regarded as the most remarkable of living composers, whose works are at least entitled, both on their own account and as an embodiment of the musical *zeitgeist*, to the most serious and respectful consideration. Since the festival in the summer the composer has made several other appearances before British audiences, so that he promises to become ere long one of the most popular and familiar of continental musicians who visit us from time to time. To which it may be added that his songs, which his accomplished wife Madame Strauss de Ahna sings so delightfully, seem likewise continually to increase in favour and popularity.

The opera season was on the whole one of average rather than exceptional interest. It had its features of note, but none likely to keep it very long in remembrance, unless it be the gala performance in honour of President Loubet, which though gorgeous and brilliant enough for what it was, still hardly counted from the stand-point of the musician. The season brought forth neither any new work nor any new singer of any importance. A new work there was indeed in Messrs. Carré and Missa's "Magelone," a forcible-feeble little thing the only warrant for whose production—if indeed one may admit so much—

was that it served to provide a new rôle for Madame Calvé; but otherwise the record was barren of any novelty great or small. The "Ring," on the other hand, was duly produced under the now familiar "Bayreuth-at-Bow-Street" conditions, and these performances constituted perhaps the most considerable achievement of the season as a whole. Dr. Richter in particular, in the conductor's chair, won unstinted praise, while the stage-management, though still falling a good way short of perfection, was none the less a decided advance on any previous attempts of "our only opera house" in this direction. Perhaps indeed it was on their vocal side that these particular performances were least distinguished. Such artists as Van Rooy and Ternina could not be other than acceptable, of course, but as regards many of their companions the conclusion was painfully borne in on one that the demand for first-class Wagnerian singers is at the present time considerably in excess of the supply. The legitimate successors of Schröder-Devrient, Schnorr, the Vogls, Materna, Klafsky, and the rest have yet, it would seem, to appear.

As to concerts their number has been legion—and this despite the fact that with very few exceptions they have been wretchedly attended throughout the year. Perhaps there have been too many of them, perhaps there have been other causes at work; certainly the fact remains that concert-givers as a class have had anything but a happy time during the last twelve months, and that taking the season all round an enormous amount of money must have been dropped. And this has applied to undertakings both great and small. The important and the insignificant have suffered alike in this respect, so that it will not be surprising if the coming year witnesses a considerable diminution in the amount of enterprise displayed.

Professor Kruse has been particularly unfortunate in this regard. The results attending his gallant attempt to revive the vanished glories of the "Pops" have been signally discouraging, while despite the attraction of a first-class orchestra and one of the greatest of living conductors in the person of Herr Weingartner, his Beethoven festival concerts met with no better fate. None the less the performances secured on that occasion by Herr Weingartner may unquestionably be ranked among the most memorable experiences of the year. At the "Promenades" in the autumn the number of new and ambitious orchestral works by British composers of the younger school brought to a hearing by Mr. Wood was a conspicuous feature of the season's doings, while more recently several Berlioz Centenary concerts, nearly every one of which again was most miserably attended, have engaged attention. The usual number of eminent virtuosi of one sort and another—Busoni, de Pachmann, Sauer, Ysaye, Sarasate, Kubelik, and the rest—have also appeared, of course as heretofore with varying degrees of success, while the briefest record of the past year's musical happenings would be incomplete without reference to the extraordinary number of young and brilliant violinists who have made their appearance within this period.

Outside of London perhaps the two most notable events of the musical year have been the first performance (at Birmingham) of Dr. Elgar's "The Apostles" (in which connection it may be recalled, too, that "The Dream of Gerontius" obtained its first hearing in London at the Westminster Cathedral) and the production of "Parsifal" in New York.

Drama

No great new play, no great new dramatist, no change in the status of well-known playwrights, no extraordinary success by any actor or actress, a dead level of fairly good work, that must be the verdict on the past dramatic year. No great advance, but no retrogression. The most disquieting symptom to those

who take the theatre seriously is not the increase of musical comedies and other entertainments, but the decrease of serious work in comedy, drama, and tragedy.

At Drury Lane the only striking event was Sir Henry Irving's production of a play utterly unworthy of his gifts, for Sardou's "Dante" was, to speak truth, nothing else than a poor melodrama, in which the acting of Miss Lena Ashwell was the most striking feature. At His Majesty's Mr. Beerbohm Tree has presented very varied fare: a revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Eternal City," by Mr. Hall Caine, "Resurrection," an adaptation from Tolstoy, "Flodden Field," by Mr. Alfred Austin, "Richard II.," and "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Tree has hardly added to his already high reputation as an actor, though his Falstaff remains a wonderfully fine performance, and his Richard II. had its moments, but as a manager in the last-named play, and in his recent Japanese production, he has more than maintained his fame as a "producer." If Mr. Tree would only learn to leave something to the imagination of his audiences, both as an actor and as a stage manager, his work would be more worthy. At the St. James's Mr. Alexander has marked time with "If I were King" and "Old Heidelberg," the autumn months being filled with Mr. E. S. Willard's sumptuous production of that somewhat stagey play, "The Cardinal," by Mr. L. N. Parker.

At the Haymarket the chief pieces have been "The Unforeseen," which did not do anything like justice to Mr. Robert Marshall's undeniable ability, a revival of "The Clandestine Marriage," which gave Mr. Maude an opportunity for displaying his cleverness in depicting senility, and "Cousin Kate," by Mr. H. H. Davies, one of the most delightful entertainments of the year, and full of promise of good things to come. At the Garrick I can remember with pleasure only "The Bishop's Move," delightfully conceived, neatly written, but not adequately acted, save by Mr. Bouchier as the amiable old bishop; "The Golden Silence," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, was a sad disappointment.

Of other new plays and reproductions the most interesting were Sir Charles Wyndham's "Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace," by the author of "Cousin Kate," though not equal to the latter piece; "A Clean Slate," by Mr. R. C. Carton; "Billy's Little Love Affair," by Mr. H. V. Esmond; "Othello"; and "The Light that Failed"—in the former Mr. Forbes Robertson failing to do himself justice, in the latter making the best of a bad case; Dr. Ibsen's "Vikings," and "Much Ado About Nothing," in both of which Miss Ellen Terry played admirably, but which were really most notable for the exquisite and impressive mounting designed by Mr. Gordon Craig; "The Climbers," by Mr. Clyde Fitch, a machine-made but in some ways striking play; "Letty," by Mr. Pinero; and "Little Mary," by Mr. Barrie.

To sum up, neither progress nor retrogression. The only striking feature of the dramatic year was the good work done by some of the younger school of actors, Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Mr. James Welch (in Gorki's "Doss House"), Miss Eva Moore, and one or two others.

Of the year just commenced it would be useless to prophecy; the coming dramatist may come, we may be granted a great drama or a true comedy; we can only watch and pray. Gorgeous productions will be given to us, with costly scenery and dresses. Our actors will again prove themselves worthy of better work.

The dark outlook can only be accounted for by the fact that the theatre—or rather writers for the stage—is drifting more and more out of touch with the realities of life. Of the plays of yester-year only "Letty" can be said to have tackled seriously any intimate problem of life, seriously, not successfully. Our dramatists are accomplished in stage-craft and are often writers of clever

dialogue, but—no more; they seem to study life as a stage, not the stage as life; they seem to be unable to throw aside convention; and to be afraid of probing lives and souls to their depth. It is all surface emotion, superficial fun, hollow humour. Success—and fortune—awaits the play-writer who will tell us a fresh, simple, true human story, who will give us characters of flesh and blood, incidents from life as it is in the work-a-day world. Let us hope.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Harris (Rev. W. S.), *Mr. World and Miss Church-Member, A Twentieth Century Allegory*.....(Brown, Langham) 5/0
 Gamble, M.A. (H. R.), *The Ten Virgins and Other Sermons*..... 3/6
 Spurgeon (C. H.), *Sermons Preached by The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, Vol. XLIX.*.....(Passmore and Alabaster) 7/0
 Richardson, Mus.Doc. (A. Madeley), *Church Music*.....(Longmans) net 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Hopwood (Aubrey), *Rhymes without Reason*.....(Warne) net 2/6
 Gowans, M.A. (Adam L.), selected by, *The Hundred Best Poems (Lyrical) in the English Language*.....(Gowans and Gray) net 1/0
 Hill, D.O.L., LL.D. (George Birkbeck), *Letters Written by a Grandfather*.....(Brown, Langham) 3/6
 Shorter (Dora Sigerson), *As the Sparks Fly Upward*.....(Moring) net 2/6
 Hebbel (F.), translated by H. Goldberger, *The Niebelungs: A Tragedy in three parts*.....(Siegle) 2/6
 Goddard (Ethel), *Dreams for Ireland*.....(Hodges, Figgis) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Bateson (Mary), *Medieval England, 1066-1350 (Story of the Nations Series)*.....(Unwin) 5/0
 George (Claude), *The Rise of British West Africa, Part V.*.....(Houlston) 2/0
 Beveridge (Albert J.), *The Russian Advance*.....(Harper) 10/6
 Wilkins (W. H.), *A Queen of Tears, Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, and Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, 2 Vols.*.....(Longmans) 36/0
 Brown (Wilfrid), *From Ottery to Highgate: The Story of the Childhood and Later Days of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*.....(Oleberd) 2/0
 Wakefield (E. S.), *Thomas Wakefield, Missionary and Geographical Pioneer in East Equatorial Africa*.....(R.T.S.) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Bernard, D.D. (J. H.), *The Cathedral of Saint Patrick: A History and Description of the Building*.....(Bell)

EDUCATIONAL

- Brighouse, M.A. (T. K.), *The Philippics of Cicero V.-VII.*.....(Blackie) 2/6
 Conway, M.A. (Rev. F.), *Cicero: De Amicitia*..... 2/0
 Wells, M.A. (G. H.), *Cicero: De Senectute*..... 2/0

ART

- Bell (Mrs. Arthur), *Lives and Legends of the English Bishops and Kings, Medieval Monks, and Other Later Saints*.....(Bell) net 14/0
 Strutt (Edward C.), *Michelangelo (Miniature Series)*.....(Bell)
 Strange (Edward F.), *The Colour-Prints of Japan: An Appreciation and History*.....(Siegle) net 1/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Brauer, M.A. (Herman G. A.), *The Philosophy of Ernest Renan*.....(Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin)
 Distant (W. L.), *The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma: Rhynchota, Vol. II, part I*.....(Taylor and Francis) 10/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Dames (E. Longworth), *Myths*.....(Hodges, Figgis) net 2/0
 Forsyth (John), *A Manual of Elocution*.....(Dent) 2/0
 Murray (Dr. James A. H.), edited by, *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, Vol. VII.*.....(Oxford) 2/6
 Ellwood, Ph.D. (Charles A.), *Public Relief and Private Charity in England (University of Missouri Studies)*.....(University of Missouri) 75c.
 Dobbs, M.A. (A. E.), *The Nation in Judgment*.....(Stanford) 1/0
 Thompson's Pocket Diary and Calendar 1904.....(Thompson)
 Beneficial Home Trade.....(Reeves) 0/3
 Rentoul (R. R.), *Proposed Sterilisation of Certain Mental and Physical Degenerates*.....(Walter Scott) net 1/0
 The People's Friend, 2 vols., 1903.....(Leng)
 Stall's Pastors' Pocket Record.....(Vir Publishing Co.) net 4/0
 Conwell (Joseph Alfred), *Manhood's Morning: an Inspiring Character-Building Book for Young Men*.....(Vir Publishing Co.) net 2/0
 Index to the Periodicals of 1902.....("Review of Reviews" Office)
 Orton, Jr. (Edward), *The Progress of the Ceramic Industry*.....(Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin)

FICTION

- "Mrs. McCraw," by Samuel MacFlower, *Ruling Elder* (Gowans and Gray), net 1/0;
 "Carmen," by Prosper Mérimée (now translation) (Gowans and Gray), net 0/6;
 "The Lady of the Island," by Guy Boothby (Long), 6/0; "Sly Boots," by John Strange Winter (Long), 0/0; "Remembrance," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (Long), 6/0; "Children of the Tenements," by Jacob A. Rits (Macmillan), 6/0.

JUVENILE

- "Æsop's Fables in Words of One Syllable" (Cassell), 0/6.

NEW EDITIONS

- "Galates," by Miguel de Cervantes, edited by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, translated by H. Celsner and A. B. Welford (Gowans and Gray), net 1/0; "The New Testament," with fifty-one designs by Charles Robinson (Gowans and Gray), net 2/0;
 "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green, Part 39 (Macmillan), net 0/6; "A Pocket Dictionary of Hygiene," by O. T. Kingzett and D. Homfray (Baillière, Tindall), 2/6; "The Death or Glory Boys: The Story of the 17th Lancers," by D. H. Parry (Cassell), 3/6; "Browning's Essay on Shelley," edited by Richard Garnett, C.B. (Moring), net 2/6; "Critical Papers in Literature," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "Devotional

NEW EDITIONS—continued.

Services for Public Worship," prepared by the Rev. John Hunter, D.D. (Dent) net 3/6; "Eight Essays of Bacon," with notes by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. (Blackie), 0/6.

PERIODICALS

"The Independent," "Blackwood's," "Hibbert Journal," "Monthly Review," "National Review," "Scottish Historical Review," "Architectural Review," "Churchman," "Antiquary," "Genealogical Magazine," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Burlington Magazine," "School," "Book Monthly," "Lippincott's," "Animal's Friend," "The Quarry," "University Extension Journal," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal," "Essex Review," "New Liberal Review," "Geographical Journal," "Westminster Review."

Foreign

THEOLOGICAL

Curtis (S. I.), *Ursenitische Religion im Volkleben des heutigen Orients* (Hinrichs, Leipzig) 9 marks

SCIENCE

Guarini (M. E.), *L'état actuel de l'électroculture*.....(Ramlot, Bruxelles) 1 fr.

MISCELLANEOUS

Jellinghaus (Dr. H.), *Ossians Lebensanschauung*.....(Williams and Norgate) net 1/6

PERIODICALS

"Mercure de France."

Fiction

THE MASTERFOLK. By Haldane MacFall. (Heinemann. 6s.) This story is at once interesting and disappointing, at the same time a tale which once begun cannot be laid down until it has been read from the first word to the last. Its sentiment and pathos is sometimes real, sometimes the reverse; its humour is at times unforced and at other times it strikes the reader as anything else than free or easy; there are pages of brilliant descriptive writing, and many passages that appear stilted and untrue; most of the principal characters are drawn with insight and unflinching touch, others are caricatures, yet others are entirely false to human nature; of the whole book it must be said that while in much—even most—of it the author has done himself justice, in many parts he has failed, his artistic eyesight has been dimmed, his mental focus wrong. An interesting, irritating story, which is well worth reading, not only for its actual merits, but because an author who can write so well will one day produce a very fine work of art. At present he overcrowds his composition, many unnecessary persons and incidents distract attention from those which form the centre of the plot and too many details thrust essentials into the shade. Above all Mr. MacFall occasionally writes of departments of life of which he seems to have had no intimate experience. On the other hand his pictures of certain aspects of journalistic and Bohemian London and Paris life, with which the story deals, are fresh and true. No lover of good work and honest endeavour will fail to read Mr. MacFall's next venture with great hope of great pleasure.

THE DULE TREE OF CASSILLIS. By William Robertson. (Menzies.) A gloomy story of an eventful period in the history of Ayrshire. It tells of the rivalry and blood feud between two powerful families, the Kennedys of Carrick and the Craufords of Kerse. The lord of Carrick, Earl Gilbert of Cassillis, covets the commendatorship of Crossraguel Abbey, which is in the heart of his lands. To gain "the reversion of the Abbey and all that belonged to it, with the patronage of seven good parishes thrown in, he was ready to abjure the Pope and all his ways, and to stand up among the Protestant lords of the realm." He unscrupulously attempts to overcome all the obstacles in his path. He has the new commendator roasted over a huge fire in the vaults of Danure until he surrenders and signs the paper giving the reversion to the Earl of Cassillis. This is the beginning of much fighting and many terrible deeds and many men are slain before a truce is declared on the death of the Earl of Cassillis. The Dule tree is the tree of mourning, under which six hundred Kennedys mourned their dead, lost in the Battle of Flodden. The times were dark and gloomy, so that the narrative cannot but be the same. There was little time spent in the romance of life then, the clash of steel was too often heard.

MORCAR. By Thomas Scott. (Greening. 6s.) The ownership of the Morcar titles and estates, and the story of a great hidden patrimony, form the subject of this story. Alfred Morcar, who has been despoiled of his rights, has his only son stolen from him by the reigning marquis, who has no children and would have been glad to settle the matter by the adoption of the boy, if his kinsman had been content to waive his claim. The boy is brought up under an assumed name, and ultimately finds the hidden treasure which by right belongs to him. Old fashioned and somewhat uninteresting.

Personalities : George Gissing

IT is a sad privilege to say these few poor words on George Gissing. I am the more glad of the opportunity because many of the "notices" which have appeared are inadequate and unworthy. Gissing seems to have been destined to misrepresentation after his death as during his life. A true artist, a fine scholar, and a most capable workman in letters, he is baldly described as though his views of life were limited to his immediate horizon and that he was nothing if not autobiographical. In a word George Gissing, a master of his craft, a writer imbued with the true spirit of Greek tragedy, is spoken of, no doubt by many of those who vexed him so terribly when living by their misinterpretation of his method and cheap judgment of his work, as if he were the veriest tyro who could not get beyond his own surroundings. Others, again, speak of him as if he were an unhappy misanthrope who never smiled. Humourist he may never have been, not even in the "Town Traveller." Tragedy seemed to him at once the truest criticism of life and the highest plane of art, but genial and full of fun, a boy all through, he was from first to last. Taine's Law was no doubt true of him as of all great writers. He was the product of his age and environment. But let me give a few brief extracts from letters. He lived in the shadow of death. "Lung trouble," he wrote in 1897, "is still hanging over me; the future is very uncertain." And again he speaks of "three months of weary idleness dodging the east winds," and that he is "off northwards in the vain hope of getting a little strength for next winter." Writing to me once more he says: "What I am bent on doing is to write books which will be read not only to-day but some years hence." Later he speaks anent social engagements: "Society is a delight and a refreshment to me, but I am a prisoner nearly all my time." Again, I find on a postcard from Catanzaro a touch of him at his best: "Weather wretched, gales and rain, tornadoes, wrecks, but the Calabrian wine is no less good." He had a passionate admiration for Vesuvius. He once told me that when he caught his first glimpse of the great volcano from the deck of a steamer he exclaimed, to the great amusement of the captain: "This is the proudest moment of my life." I find a picture of his on a postcard, "There is about a mile of red-hot lava down the slope of Vesuvius—a splendid glow at night."

Gissing was one of the most loveable of men and the brightest of companions. His laughter was whole-hearted. His sensibility was reflected in his refined face, and as he spoke his eyes lighted up with a rare brilliancy giving a glimpse of a bright and beautiful soul. The vulgar and the sordid were to him an abomination, and in the midst of his greatest necessities he would never stoop to work he considered unworthy, or to "take occasion by the hand." Literature can ill spare George Gissing.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

Anton Tchëhov*

IN Russia the political safety valve for public opinion is found chiefly in the utterances of what Englishmen would naturally pass over as simply fiction. Hence a Russian novelist, whose tales can run rapidly through successive Russian editions and who yet remains quite unmolested by the government censor, is a rare individual.

* In the English spelling of Russian names, &c., here adopted, the nearest approach to the original sounds is aimed at, in as few letters as possible. It is surely time for English writers to abandon the cumbersome and complicated German orthography so much in vogue for the transliteration of Slav words.

Such is Anton Tchëhov, amongst his own countrymen, one of the most widely read contemporary Russian writers. Although only now in his forty-fifth year Tchëhov has already written some hundreds of stories. He may perhaps be styled the creator of a type of Russian tale complete in a couple of pages: one idea, one motive, suffices him. His striking want of incident, and his usual avoidance of anything approaching a worked-up denouement, have met with much adverse criticism. Thus in the opinion of many readers Tchëhov's tales lack every element which constitutes a really good short story. Others, again, see here his chief merit, and delight in some fugitive impression focussed with the swiftness of a snapshot. In his choice of backgrounds, in his accessories, so to speak, Tchëhov is distinctly national. He describes scenes which could only be witnessed in Russia; but neither in his stories, nor in his plays—he has written two—does he ever evolve genuine, national types of humanity. Dipso-maniacs, lunatics haunted with every species of weird hallucination, hysterical, amorous, and generally depraved women. These are Tchëhov's favourite subjects, interspersed curiously enough here and there with charming little idylls of child-life. Though even these are frequently marred by the shadow of a brutal want of sympathy cast by the child's elders. Yet through all his presentments there runs a note of exaggeration, of artifice. His characters remain unquickened by that breath of life which pulsates through Gorki's work, for instance.

Again, Tchëhov's attitude towards life is totally opposed to that of the generality of Russian authors. Dive deep enough into the hearts of these and you will not fail to catch a resounding accent of love and attachment to their country, and as a Russian puts it: "There is always an invisible tear behind their visible laughter." Not so with Tchëhov. He has no reformer's aspirations, he preaches no sermons, he utters no "harsh and angry cry from the depths." He views the mental and physical misery on his every side merely with a kind of satirical apathy, occasionally almost comic in its indifference.

Having no soul-stirring convictions himself, he can hardly impart them to others. Evidently the censor has been astute enough to discover this.

But, viewing Tchëhov's various limitations, wherein, it may be asked, lies the secret of his undoubted hold upon the Russian public? Chiefly, one is inclined to think, in his remarkable brevity and conciseness. With these qualities he represents a new phase in Russian literature. They have enabled him to fascinate an impatient modern generation of readers, who are also probably somewhat weary of having constantly to read between the lines of stories with a purpose. In Tchëhov they meet, it may be for the first time, with a compatriot who writes solely *pour passer le temps dans un monde où l'on s'ennuie*.

A. E. KEETON.

Egomet

I do not quite understand, or agree with so far as I do understand, the sentimental regrets so often expressed, especially in works of fiction, for schoolboy days. Lapse of time, may-be, blunts the memories of many of us, smoothing down the rough places of the past, the while the uneasy things of to-day loom large. But for myself, many things as I may have forgotten, I still recall only too vividly the discomforts of school. The place in which my schooldays were laid was indeed pleasant; beneath the shadow of lofty minster-towers: in the cloisters where of old monks walked, talked, laved themselves and would doubtless have slept but for precautionary peepholes supplied by the cunning architect:

in old chambers and dim halls and vaulted rooms. What more could a lover of books and of ancient days desire? To wander through the grey minster aisles, worshipping at the shrines of dead kings and queens, poets, painters and statesmen; on a rainy day, when sports, thank heaven, were impossible, to loiter in the cloisters, book in hand; to listen at eventide to the chorus of the crows returning to nest.

The lack of human sympathy was that for which I thirsted in vain. I was a mere unit, a cypher rather, among hundreds. Why should any master choose me out, to make my way easy, to lighten burdens which I utterly abhorred, to teach my intelligence, guide my desires? Surely I was only one of many such boys, lonely, yet seeking companions, eager to read, yet fed with husks. How hateful to me the dreary routine of the lessons, so much to learn by heart, so little appeal to the head. Most of what was drummed into me at school I have striven to forget, that which I still treasure I taught myself to value. It is often urged as part of the value of a public school education that boys gain friends who will be valued in after life. I did not do so—do many? The only friends I had then and still retain were books—books I chose, not those which were put into my hand.

Unexpected and expected volumes were among my boy friends. Marryatt I loved dearly, not for adventures' sake, but chiefly "Jacob Faithful" and "Japhet," for their pictures of town and country life; Dickens I cared not for, he was to be a friend of maturer days; Macaulay's History, Browning, of all poets for a boy, especially in those days when he was not worshipped so freely as he came to be in later times; Cellini's Autobiography; Pepys; such were a few of my boyhood's books, in addition to those of childhood.

Boys as a rule read as little as do men and women, which is meant as no sneer but as a sad statement of fact. I used to think that most men loved books and read them; I now know that book lovers are few, a few thousands at most among the millions. It is easy to stray over the borders of the book world and to talk with those to whom great writers are at most mere names. If men would but dare to confess, it would be found that not one in a thousand has ever read Shakespeare. It is partly because of this that the Bible has had so vast an influence upon our tongue; it is the one book which all men have heard read even if they have not read it for themselves.

Are boys better off at school to-day than they were in my time? I doubt it, judging by the little I have heard. Still boys are taught in flocks by shepherds who know not their sheep except by name. To each master every boy is alike, must be taught alike, punished alike. Then when the boys grow up they prate about the dear dead days of school—and drive their own offspring through the same mill-grind. Thus it seems ever to have been, likely ever to be, only here and there a voice calling in the wilderness, awakening profitless echoes.

E. G. O.

[NOTE.—The continuation of John Oliver Hobbes' "Letters from a Silent Study" is unavoidably postponed until next week.]

Dramatic Notes

A VISIT to "The Professor's Love Story" at the St. James's Theatre was profitable in more ways than one. Mr. Willard is giving his many admirers an excellent sample of his powers, though occasionally he is a thought too formal and studied, and Miss Gracie Leigh as the heroine of this simple love story acts with rare, very rare, distinction and restraint. There are few actresses with faces so full of expression: too many of our performers are content to rely solely upon words for the expression of their emotions. When Miss Leigh is not speaking she is thinking, and we can follow her thought not merely in her eyes and the shadows and smiles upon her face, but even in the attitudes she assumes and in the lines of her figure. If only the conventionalities of the stage do not overpower her she will give us great work some day.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY" is what may be called an early Barrie, and affords ground for an interesting study of that master's methods and mannerisms. As I have said before, Mr. Barrie is a teller of fairy tales, and to that class of work it will probably be most profitable for him to confine himself. The play in question, "Crichton," and "Little Mary" all fall to the ground when tested with the rude argument of truth to human nature and to the life of every day; they fail also whenever the author himself puts them to that test; the last act of "Crichton" failed because it brought us all down with a rough jolt to the affairs of earth; the most unreal episode in "Little Mary" is the too true scene between the father and the son. Mr. Barrie has shown advance chiefly in his use of humour. In "The Professor's Love Story" it is all very naïve, sometimes charming, sometimes childish, as when a physician mistakes "Cherchez la femme" for the name of a disease! Mr. Barrie's humour remains naïve and fresh as ever, but childish things he has put away, it is to be hoped for ever. His dialogue, too, improves as the years go by. Perchance one day he will soar into the realms of unrestrained fancy and present us with a classic; another "Midsummer Night's Dream" or "As You Like It"; is that too high praise? Well, there are some of us who have much faith in Mr. Barrie.

It is often cast in the teeth of those who hope for higher things from our dramatists than they are at present giving us, that we are offended at the vogue of musical comedy. All we really contend for is that such productions are not the be-all and end-all of the drama, that the play's the thing, good as may be gorgeous scenery, sumptuous dresses, sparkling verse, tuneful music, and the laughable funniments of the low comedian. "Musical comedy" is a bad name, for it has been used to include all sorts of productions, to some of which it is impossible to apply any more seemly word than "drivel." On the other hand, it also includes much better works, such, for example, as most of those produced in recent years at Daly's Theatre. "The Geisha," "San Toy," and "A Country Girl" are, to all intents, comic operas, standing as high in their class as any others, save only, and probably always, the series known as the Gilbert-Sullivan. The plot of the last piece is nebulous, but what of that? Has not that been the case with many a charming comic opera? But the lyrics by Mr. Adrian Ross rank high, being written neatly, smartly, and with a distinct feeling for good verse: the music by Mr. Lionel Monckton, if not of extraordinary originality, is melodious, skilfully written both for voices and orchestra, and apparently deliberately free from mere tuniness and vulgarity. The first scene, a Devonshire landscape, is sheer stage conventionality; but

the second, the interior of the Ministry of Fine Arts (would there were such an office!), is one of the most realistic and splendid interiors ever put upon the stage. Of the performance it is hardly possible to speak with equal enthusiasm. Mr. Hayden Coffin can sing excellently well when he chooses to do so, and I think he underrates the culture of theatrical audiences by not giving them of his best. Miss Isabel Jay is an artist of refinement, gifted with a charming voice. Mr. Rutland Barrington has much too little to do, but delights us, as he always has done, with his clear enunciation and quiet humour. Mr. Huntley Wright is a farceur of parts, more dependent upon his author than most low comedians, which is desirable when the author can provide plenty of good things, which in this case he has failed to do.

It is not only grown-up folk who are to-day provided with artistic, pretty, clever musical pieces, the youngsters are in luck too, so also their elders who take them to such admirable productions as "Little Hans Andersen" at the Adelphi Theatre, and "Snowdrop" and "Brer Rabbit" at the Court. To the former I have already devoted some space, and need only add that Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Walter Slaughter and all concerned are to be congratulated, and so are those who sit among the spectators. "Snowdrop" is also delightful, well devised, well mounted and well played. Lucky children! How far superior both in form and fancy are such productions as these to the noisy entertainments which to-day usurp the name of pantomime.

MR. GILBERT'S re-appearance at the Garrick Theatre as a writer of plays will be watched with interest. Much, if not all, of his early work for the stage has been forgotten by present playgoers; there was work of very high merit in "Broken Hearts," "Engaged," and "The Wicked World," all of which pieces repay reading and would be worth replaying. I hope, however, Mr. Gilbert will give full rein to his fancy, not confining himself too rigidly to the events, men, and women of every day.

The characters in Captain Marshall's new play do not "follow the drum." The gallant officer's latest addition to the literature of the stage is a "Comedy of Manners." There are only four principal characters, which are to be played by Miss Eva Moore, Miss Marie Illington, Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. Graham Browne. The latter gentleman is playing the part for which Mr. Allan Aynesworth was originally cast, and which he has had to resign on account of a great access of work and trouble—all sympathy will be with Mr. Aynesworth, the loss of whose father is the cause of his resignation. Captain Marshall's play is a comedy absolutely in the lighter vein, involving no serious issues.

"MADAME SHERRY" calls for no critical comment; it is commonplace and vulgar. But two questions suggest themselves: if the Licensor of Plays considers this piece fit for public production, on what grounds or guided by what reasons does he form his decisions? And why, when home products are so good, do managers consider it necessary to import foreign nastiness? This is certainly a case of "dumping" which might profitably be put an end to.

Jerusalem

THE PROPHETIC BOOKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE: JERUSALEM, Edited by E. R. D. MacLagan and A. G. B. Russell. (Bullen. 6s. net.)

WE have here an edition, on good paper and in large clear print, at the same time comparatively cheap in price, of the "Jerusalem," one of the "Prophetic Books" of the celebrated painter-poet, William Blake. It is preceded by an excellent introduction, which explains so far as any introduction of moderate brevity may do the intricate and difficult symbolical system of the poem and the prophetic books in general. It is well we should have some such edition of these books, because they are not included in ordinary issues of Blake's poetry, and can only be obtained in expensive editions of his complete works.

It cannot be pretended that these books are ever likely to become popular, even among sincere lovers of poetry—even among sincere lovers of Blake's poetry, sufficiently rare though these are. Of course, the term "prophetic books" need frighten no one, as though it meant books foretelling the future. Blake used the term in its original sense, to signify books dealing with mystical subject-matter. But apart from the inherent difficulty of such subject-matter, and the symbolic language which it involves, Blake translated everything into a symbolic language of his own, invented symbolic characters of his own; or rather, he bestowed on mythological characters already existing a nomenclature of his own, which adds vastly to the difficulty of following him. Nay, he went a further length. In the prophetic books of the Bible, which to a considerable extent he made his model, geographical names of the countries and localities about Judea (such as Edom and the like) are employed with a symbolic meaning. Had Blake used these names, his meaning would have been comparatively clear, their signification being already fixed. He does, in fact, sometimes employ them. But he also uses constantly, with a parallel symbolic signification, the names of various London quarters, such as Norwood, Finchley, Blackheath and Hounslow. To attach any symbolic ideas to these is indeed hard; and when they have to be made out from the poems alone, without other aid, the most dauntless may well falter. Indeed, the entire symbolism of Blake has to be arrived at from his poems alone; with the added difficulty that a large portion of these "prophetic" books has been destroyed by men who counted themselves his admirers.

We cannot but reckon the poet wantonly and needlessly eccentric in the methods he took to express, or rather to conceal his meaning. The result is that even a fellow-poet so well capable of understanding him as Coventry Patmore has questioned the sanity of these poems. And of this "Jerusalem" itself, viewed as a poem, apart from any central sanity of meaning, it must be said that (while it has fine lines and passages, for it is Blake) it is as a whole chaotic, uncouth, and often actually ludicrous. It is impossible to read it for pleasure; because it is not, for any length of time, coherently work of art. Blake's poetic power seems here to run to seed. No evocation of meaning from apparent meaninglessness can do away with or atone for this lack of poetic form. Nay, yet worse, there is more often than not a lack of substantial poetry. By which we do not mean that it might not have been poetry, but that it is not poetry; and this defect does not depend on mere ruggedness or even roughness of expression. We cannot think that "Jerusalem" has in it the breath of life, when the fashion of literary resurrectionism shall have passed.

Musical Notes

THAT was excellent advice which Professor Niecks was giving to the Incorporated Musicians the other day, when he insisted on the importance of general culture as part of the musician's outfit. All of us have met too frequently professors and students of the art by whom it could be adopted with advantage. But this is far from implying that matters are worse in this respect to-day than formerly. On the contrary, our latter-day musicians are probably far better cultivated as a class than their predecessors. How it may be with teachers I will not pretend to say, but as regards composers this is almost certainly the case. I am not sure indeed that many of our younger men are not going even too far in this direction—becoming, that is to say, too literary and introspective.

This one writes poems and music with equal facility; that one is a brilliant essayist when he is not dashing off a symphonic poem; another is a pamphleteer concerning the conditions of the art; while a fourth is at once executant, composer, analyst, and musical historian all rolled into one. This sort of thing certainly means no lack of culture, though doubtless there is a culture of a still wider sort which Professor Niecks had in view. But this also, I fancy, could be shown to exist in plenty too. Richard Strauss, by all accounts, is a man of very various knowledge and wide intellectual sympathies. Sir Hubert Parry, at once sportsman, scholar, antiquarian, critic, school director, composer, and social lion is essentially an all-round man. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is known as a man of wide culture, a notable linguist and a wit. Dr. Elgar's versatility is a matter of common knowledge—if he has now given up his kite flying, he has still a dozen other interests outside his art from agriculture to archaeology.

AND with latter-day executants it is much the same. Mr. Leonard Borwick is only one of many pianists possessed of wide general knowledge—due in his case to the precepts of Madame Schumann. Herr Rosenthal plies the pen hardly less brilliantly than he fingers the keys. Josef Hofmann corresponds fraternally with Edison as a fellow inventor, and can discourse on pictures, of which he has a valuable collection, by the hour. Dr. Joachim studies literature with the enthusiasm of an expert. Jean de Reszke's devotion to the turf is well known. And so one might run on to any extent. But these, it may be said, are those who have succeeded, and therefore support Dr. Niecks's case. Certainly it must be agreed that among the smaller fry few "talk shop" with more persistency than your professional musician—or with more depressing results.

DR. COWEN's paper respecting composers' mannerisms was also advice on a fruitful subject, which seems to have been far from exhausted by the speaker, if one may go by the reports to hand. That famous "essential turn" of Wagner, for instance, was certainly not the last word concerning the mannerisms of the composer of the "Ring." Certain harmonies and chords which he constantly employs I should regard, for example, as even more characteristic. The case of Wagner would seem to show, too, that decided mannerisms of a sort may co-exist with the highest genius. Dr. Cowen's seeming suggestion that absence of mannerisms is a distinguishing work of the supremely great appears therefore questionable.

It may be noted, too, that while Wagner had his peculiar characteristics, yet these did not prevent him from differentiating the music of his several works to an extent absolutely unapproached by any other composer. The

music of "Siegfried" is totally different from that of "Die Meistersinger," as that of "Tristan" is utterly different again from either; and of each of the master's other works, from "Rienzi" onward, no less must be said. Yet let him hear but ten consecutive bars from any of his works, and who that knows his Wagner will have the smallest difficulty, whether he recognises the particular passage or not, in naming the opera from which it comes? On the other hand, taking the operas as a whole, who can deny that each is absolutely and unmistakably Wagnerian? Surely here is one of Wagner's greatest wonders—he was at once so intensely individual and yet so marvellously various.

THEREFORE I doubt if there is anything whatever in the "no mannerism" theory as a mark of greatness. I doubt indeed if there is any composer great or small in whose works characteristic peculiarities cannot be found. Dr. Cowen and Professor Prout, I notice, claimed that Bach and Beethoven were exempt from such. But it would hardly be difficult, I fancy, to cite numerous instances in disproof of this suggestion. The preludes and fugues of the "Forty-Eight" are amazingly distinctive no doubt, yet the same figures and devices constantly recur; and the same applies even more markedly in the case of the sonatas of Beethoven. As to Mozart there can surely be no question as to his distinctive traits, while Brahms, of course, who seems to have been curiously overlooked by Dr. Cowen, is an even more striking instance to a like effect, as Herr Weingartner long ago pointed out.

BUT of course there are mannerisms and mannerisms—from those of the cheapest street tunes (which Gurney discussed at some length in that interesting volume which ought to be so much better known, "The Power of Sound") up to the noblest characteristics of the greatest masters; and, in a sense, no composer is of much account until he has developed them—until he has developed, that is to say, that distinctive style of which they are largely the ingredients.

It is pleasant to hear that Humperdinck is engaged on a new opera. At present the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel" bids fair to go down to posterity as a "single speech" musician. Certainly it argues extraordinary reticence and self-restraint on Herr Humperdinck's part, that he has not been tempted to follow up more energetically the prodigious success achieved by that delightful work. Many will recall no doubt the charming incidental music which he wrote to accompany the fairy play "Die Königskinder" (of which a mutilated English version was brought out at the Court Theatre), while one or two lesser works have also been heard at rare intervals; but, so far, I think he has written no second opera. The new work is based, it seems, on an adaptation by Humperdinck himself of Dumas' play "Mademoiselle de Saint Cyr" and the characters will all appear in modern dress.

THE Royal Academy of Music has secured a valuable addition to its staff in Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who has been appointed one of its professors of singing. Mr. Davies is to be reckoned, at the present time, one of the finest baritones we possess, who not only has an admirable voice but knows how to use it with rare judgment and effect. At the same time he is a man of such general cultivation, who has thought so deeply concerning the problems of his art, that he should be peculiarly well able to impart his knowledge to others. Some of the greatest singers have, of course, been totally unable to do this. Other very mediocre vocalists themselves have been superlatively successful teachers.

MUSICAL critics in this country are a retiring body of men, who would assuredly shrink from the conditions under which the craft is pursued in New York, where apparently the grossest personalities are to be reckoned as part and parcel of the trade. Most of these appear indeed to proceed from one source, to wit, the weekly journal known as the "Musical Courier," outside of whose staff, one gathers, neither honesty nor capacity is to be found in the ranks of the New York musical press; but they must be none the less unpleasant to those concerned. A recent effort of this organ was to reproduce a photo of the critic of the "Tribune" playing the violin in a children's orchestra with the object of disproving his claims to criticise other fiddlers. But such an application of the "who drives fat oxen" principle would, if applied all round, expel most critics from the business.

MADAME PATTI's reported statement to a New York interviewer that "Parsifal" was written by Wagner with a view to her taking the part of Kundry, is quite the most comical item of musical intelligence which has appeared for some time. "Tristan," we know, was written in the first instance as a light and popular work, which might engage the sympathies of South American audiences; but "Parsifal" and—Patti! The force of incongruity could no further go. If Wagner really had imagined that Madame Patti, after a lifetime devoted to opera in its most conventional forms, would be likely to devote her talents with advantage to the impersonation of such a part as Kundry, in such a work as "Parsifal," his faith in the perfectibility of the prima donna nature must have been childlike and bland indeed. But I would have given much to have been privileged to witness Madame Patti gravely studying the score of "Parsifal," the perusal of which convinced her, we are told, that the music "was not for me." Yet there is one part in Wagner which, had the fates so ordained it, the songstress of Craig-y-Nos might have sung divinely. Patti in her prime would have been the ideal Eva.

ONE of those things which one can never quite understand is why the stream of concerts, at other times so unduly swollen, should cease so completely at the present season. At a time when so many people are making holiday and generally on pleasure bent, one might have thought the concert-giver would find his opportunity. Yet seemingly in the judgment of the profession this is not the case. Certainly it is not for the critic to complain of a condition of affairs which affords him and his like a most welcome respite. But presumably it is hardly on his account that matters are ordered thus, and viewing the question from a broader standpoint, I cannot help fancying that many of those performers who will later on be competing fiercely against one another for attention to the extent of ten or twelve concerts a day, would be well advised another year to take occasion by the hand and step in at a time when their competitors are mostly silent.

CERTAINLY the audiences at the only concerts which have been given since Christmas lent no countenance to the theory that people are disinclined for music just now. Both the Queen's Hall symphony concert on New Year's Day and the annual performance of the "Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society in the evening drew enormous audiences. In the absence of Mr. Wood, the symphony concert was conducted by Mr. Emil Pauer, who proved himself once more an orchestral chief of very decided parts, while affairs at Albert Hall were directed, of course, by Sir Albert Bridge with results neither better nor worse than those usually attained on these occasions. The singing of such things as "And the Glory," "Lift up your Heads," and the rest by so vast a body as the Albert Hall choir

could never be wholly unimpressive; but this is far from saying that it was really high-class choral singing which was heard on this particular occasion. It is probably the old story. Familiarity, &c. Madame Clara Butt, Madame de Vere, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Watkin Mills were the soloists.

SUCCESSSES do not come to English opera so frequently that one can afford to overlook that which seems to have been achieved in distant Malta by a work entitled "The Red Laird," words by Lord Herbert Scott, and music by Mr. C. W. James. The opera is described as light in character, as regards both its book and its score, but since it is said to have been given with success several times in the presence of large audiences, its authors would appear to have achieved their end—and not Wagner or Mozart could do more. Mr. James, the composer, is well known in London musical circles, not only as an erudite musician, but likewise as an accomplished critic.

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss Evelyn Stuart on her escape from what seems to have been an eminently unpleasant experience during—or rather while returning from—her recent visit to Warsaw, where she was engaged to play at one of the Philharmonic concerts. Artistically her triumph seems to have been complete, since we are told that after taking part in Saint-Saëns's G minor concerto, she had to give no less than two encores. It was on her way back to England that trouble befell her. Having had a little difficulty over her passport in the first instance, she missed her right train and then, as if this were not enough, the train she was in must needs run into another one, entailing further delay under very disagreeable conditions, though happily, it would seem, no loss of life or limb. Miss Stuart will probably think twice before going to Warsaw again. After the open arms which we have extended to Russian music in England it is really too bad that they should try in this fashion to deprive us of one of our most gifted artists.

Art Notes

THE winter exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy this year will certainly be known as the "Lawrence year," and the reputation of the old president stands the strain more than passing well. The room devoted to the work of the lately dead—Horsley and Sydney Cooper and Wells—is perhaps a sad and pathetic exhibition; indeed it is rather a pity that the jibe at them should have been so unduly called for. But the sculptors Harry Bates and Onslow Ford make good the accomplishment of the Academy. There is a fascinating collection of bronzes by the old Frenchmen, Italians, and Venetians of the fourteen and fifteen hundreds.

THERE is a remarkably fine Reynolds in the great gallery—"The Marquis of Granby," standing by his horse—the whole canvas is masterly in colour and treatment, and the handling of the paint virile and vigorous. There is a very good Canaletto, "Verona." There is a charming Romney and a good Raeburn. But most art-lovers will turn from these things, even from the Rembrandt and the Velasquez and the Botticelli, to say nothing of the Vandykes, to the Lawrences. Here is the picture of Miss Farren which we all know so well from the celebrated engraving—and a delightful masterpiece it is, silvery and pure in colour, and strongly and firmly painted. It has that facile suggestion of ease in the handling that is always an attribute of master-work. The "Master Lambton" is also here, as is the well-known "Countess of Gower and Child."

The general impression left upon the mind—and it is in Lawrence that we are chiefly interested, the great dead whose occasional masterpieces are scattered over these walls are only by the way—the general impression of Lawrence's genius is to me rather strengthened than weakened. Of a truth, in the lump his affectations and his sentimentalities are forced upon us—I do not deny it. But I have been more struck with his strength of handling, particularly with the brush work and the colour, than when I have seen his canvases apart. His feeling for form and his mastery of the stroke of the paint are very marked. And in his superb masterpiece, the "Miss Farren," he reaches a dexterity, an artistry and a splendid achievement which are devoid of all his faults and show all his fine talents at their highest and best. Altogether a most interesting exhibition, on which the Royal Academy is to be congratulated.

At the Leicester Galleries is a show of colour-prints on glass, dating back to Queen Anne in their beginnings. There is such a mania for colour-prints to-day that it is more than likely these mezzotints that have been transferred to glass, rubbed down, and coloured, may sell for large prices—but surely the vogue will be a vogue for curiosities and for rarity rather than for artistic merit! When, however, it is remembered how perishable these things are from their very nature, it is wonderful to find such a large collection brought together; and even as a curiosity they are bound to attract notice.

ANOTHER room at the same galleries is given up to the work of "Tom" Collier, R.I., the master of water-colour landscape, who was received into the Legion of Honour. Mr. Wedmore writes a charming little preface to the catalogue of Collier's work, but he waxes unduly sentimental as to the artistic genius of the French: "The Land that understands all Art," he says—"the people who are ready to receive it—made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour." Well—they never "understood" or "received" Turner; and I have rarely met a French artist that knew Turner's work, nor have I seen a Turner in a French public gallery of any repute!

At the Dudley Gallery is a show of the work by a group of landscape painters, Messrs. Allan, Peppercorn, Aumonier, Leslie Thomson, Mark Fisher, and Sir E. Waterlow. The work of such men is always a pleasure to behold; and I have never seen a more perfect picture of sunlight from Mr. Mark Fisher's hands than the "Backwater—Spring." His "In County Dublin" is delightful. Mr. Allan makes a hit with his "Sienna," and his twilight "At Moret," whilst Mr. Peppercorn, who displays the poetic mind in all he does, is remarkably good in "The Bend in the River."

THE "Architectural Review" for January has a photograph of the base of Mr. Blomfield's fine "South African War Memorial" at Haileybury College, that somehow seems to call for a quadrangle round about it to show it off in its proper atmosphere—it looks at sea in the fields.

In "The School World" Mr. Archibald Christie has a much-needed protest against the dry-as-dust methods of teaching drawing as it is practised in schools. He pleads hard for drawing to be made interesting—that the youngster should be allowed to let his hand try to reach his imagination, and be taught to appreciate the works of the masters, instead of bending all his talents and his interest on the mere technique of drawing dull objects. I am utterly with Mr. Christie. I could teach a boy more art in a month by giving him a book of Randolph Caldecott's

to copy, than can be won into his hand by shading all the pyramids and globes and forms so dear to the scholastic minds that direct art schools. Any boy will learn more of art from a few interesting examples of good pictures, especially of romantic pictures, than any drawing-master of a school can give him from all the laws of the game. In fact, drawing-masters forget that art is the capacity to transfer emotion; and lose their own strength and the strength of the pupil in trying to teach the grammar of a language instead of the language itself.

SOME schools have been in advance of others in teaching art. And just as Harrow has achieved fame in music, so Charterhouse has always been remarkable in its artistic training. The periodical of the school, "The Greyfriar," shows that there is no falling off in this matter—indeed the art feeling throughout it is most commendable.

I WAS particularly struck the other evening on visiting, by the veriest chance, the London County Council School of Photo-engraving and Lithography at 6, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, by the wonderful success of some teachers of drawing. Here the capable art master has brought out the capacity of the students to express the mood and emotion of things in a way that is a rare and pleasant surprise. Some of the work was excellent, and the lithographic "pulls" struck me as quite remarkably fine.

THE present number of "Art," edited by J. E. Buschmann, is devoted to the art of Jan Van Goyen and the drawings of Rubens.

"THE BRICKBUILDER," an American publication devoted to architecture, shows the same artistic energy in this great branch of art in the United States that marks the enormous artistic awakening of that wonderful country.

AMONGST the recent additions to the Art treasures at the South Kensington Museum may be mentioned two plaster casts from the antique, one of the "Apollo della Terme" which was taken from the Tiber in 1891, and the other of a kneeling youth of which the headless exquisite marble was found at Subiaco in 1883, being Attic work of the second half of the fourth century B.C. The Furniture and Woodwork has gained in specimens of carved oak from the Rhine. To the generosity of Mr. Fitzhenry is due a series of tiles dating from the fourteenth century, the enamel surface being painted in Gothic leaf-work encircling shields of arms. This same donor has given a large group of the Virgin and Child in terra-cotta of Veronese workmanship. Mr. Marling, the British agent at Sofia, has given a very fine, large, glazed-earthenware vase, probably painted by the Chinese at Ispahan, at the Court of Shah Abbas II. in the early years of the seventeenth century. Pewter is becoming a daily increasing craze amongst such as collect collections, and the pewter work in the Museum has just been re-arranged, the English being separated from the foreign.

In the gallery near Leighton's cartoon "The Arts of Peace" is shown for the first time a selection of drawings lately acquired for the National Art Library. These include two original drawings for the Moxon "Tennyson," by Sir John Millais; one for Dickens's "Little Dorrit," by James Mahoney, a fine artist of the 'sixties; one for "Once a Week," by F. W. Lawson; and one by "Phiz" for "Pickwick." Frank Barnard's tinted study for "Jingle" is amongst other attractions. There are "Punch" drawings by Leech—pencil studies with a proof from the finished wood-block—Charles Keene's

pen drawings—George Du Maurier's pencil studies from his sketch books, also his pen drawings and proofs from the wood-blocks; whilst on the walls of the National Art Library Reading Room are a set of original drawings and tinted and working proofs of Randolph Caldecott's picture books and "Graphic" illustrations.

It may not be generally known, but there is a large amount of such interesting work to be seen at South Kensington, of which the present exhibition is but a selection.

MESSRS. HANFSTAENGL'S illustrated catalogue of the masterpieces at the Hague and at Haarlem recalls many splendid first impressions of the glories of the Dutch galleries. The reproductions are on a good useful scale, instead of the appalling miniatures that make the modern illustrated catalogue a terror to the eye and brain; and the publisher's name is sufficient guarantee for their excellence. How strangely kind the camera is to some masterpieces, how wantonly unkind to others. Cerezo's "Penitent Magdalen" reproduces beautifully, and Frans Hals' "Portrait" by himself or pupil at Haarlem, needless to say, comes out excellently well, as do the Rembrandts. An interesting catalogue of reproductions from these great galleries.

Correspondence

George Gissing

SIR,—May I have a short space in your columns in which to say a word or two respecting my late friend George Gissing? I find that the majority of writers who have mentioned him since his death refer to what they are pleased to term the monotony of his writings, repeating the old, worn-out statement that so wearied Gissing in his life. In one of his letters to me, dated February 23, 1903, he alludes to some words of mine respecting his "By the Ionian Sea," and his autobiography under the nom de plume of Henry Ryecroft, and he adds, "I should like to say that your estimate of my work as a whole seems to differ most refreshingly from that which is most often brought under my notice. After having been told by all manner of authorities, year after year, that the note of my writing is its depressing monotony, and that variety of subject and manner seem wholly beyond my reach, it is, I confess, encouraging to hear a different opinion, and one which my own heart tells me is a true one."

"I suppose the fact of the matter is that very few reviewers have read more than one or two of my books, and to those who like yourself keep a certain number of them in mind I am most grateful—all the more so that I must needs wonder how they do it and how you do it amid the press of writing which calls for their and your attention."

To these words may I add that no one who ever knew Gissing could honestly speak of monotony in his conversation or writing. He was an erudite man, well versed in classic lore, had the Latin historians and some of the Greek ones at his finger tips, and could read both languages easily when he cared to do so. He was a very shy and fastidious man, and was much troubled by adverse criticism, as he was peculiarly sensitive to it. He was almost morbid in many of his thoughts, and had a strange vein of romance running through his sad life. Into the details of his early career I do not care to enter. They were very hard and very cruel, and the learning which he accumulated was obtained at vast cost and through much suffering.

He was one of the kindest of men, one of those who would take any trouble to help another, especially if the man requiring help was a writer who was striving to live by his pen, and to such an one his heart went out, and he aided him secretly and splendidly; asking no thanks in return. The memory of his own old days of hard struggle never left him and tinged the whole of his life, but it was seldom that his friends could get him to talk of those old sad days.

As a conversationalist he had few equals. His voice was a delightful one, full of charm and melody, and he loved to read

aloud and to talk of nature, of flowers, and of mountains. He had few friends and few of them knew one another, as Gissing did not love to have many men about him, but to commune with one at a time and to admit but very few into the secret recesses of his heart. Of the country he had an ever-abiding and profound love, and in that connection let me quote from another of his letters, in which he says, "To live at Guildford, as you do, and to see Spring coming up over the heaths! Here (St. Jean de Luz) we have primroses and violets, yes, even hart's-tongue and spleenwort; but all these things on the slopes of the Pyrenees are not the same thing as to see them in a Surrey lane."

"Would that I could be with you and see lovely Surrey in all her maiden beauty again."

To those of us who knew Gissing, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" are full of meaning. We can see him and hear him in every page of the book, and we know how his own life and his own love are pictured in that book. We would have wished that he had not been so much the Apostle of Pessimism, and yet that was more the result of his health than the state of his mind. He was really a very cheerful man, of a certain quaint lurking humour withal, and with an eager desire to gain health and to do still better work than he had ever done, and yet with a consciousness that in "Henry Ryecroft" he had done his last important work. It has proved that it was so, and to the great grief of his friends Gissing has left us, and has been called from the world—that at first so evilly treated him and afterwards so grudgingly gave him her praise—to a better sphere; one of which he often spoke, and where he would be able, as he said, "to rest and think and be happy," and where "surely there would be violets and birds, with the fruits of the willow and the tender green grass" to delight his wearied eyes.

There have been few simpler minds in the world, few who have had sweeter and simpler pleasures, few truer men, and few who have more longed for rest, and now the rest has come, and the world has hardly yet understood what she owes to George Gissing and to his books.—Yours, &c.,

The Mount, Guildford,
January, 1904.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

"The Styles of Statesmen"

SIR,—The writer of the article with the above title is not a perfectly trustworthy guide in statistics. He states that of the forty-two words contained in Mr. Morley's paragraph, but ten are of English origin, and by the simple arithmetical process of deducting ten from forty-two obtains a remainder—thirty-two, or seventy-six per cent.—which, he concludes, represents the words of foreign origin. But, on proceeding to give the etymologies of this group, he can enumerate only twenty-eight, and he calmly ignores the discrepancy, leaving us to assume that one *the*, one *a* and one of must be of foreign descent. And what about the proper name?

On the philological side, too, he is equally unreliable. The Gothic form, corresponding to the adverb *hardly*, was *harduba*, but the O.E. was *heardlice* or *hardlice*. Yet we are told that our modern word is derived from the former! In Icelandic the ordinary co-ordinating conjunction is *ok* = *and*, the only form which is at all like *and* being *enda*, which means *and even*, and was rarely used. On the other hand, one cannot read three lines of O. English prose without meeting the word. Similarly with the word *to*, which, we are assured, comes from Dutch! I have not, at the moment of writing, a copy of Bosworth-Toller's A.S. Dictionary by me, but in it will be found the following words: *mæger*, *heardlice*, *dropian* (*dropan*), *to*, *fing*, *ute*, *wearon* (v. *weasan*), and.

Thus—leaving out of question the proper name, though its component parts, *glad*, *stan* are purely O.E.—we find that the number of foreign-derived words is reduced from thirty-two to nineteen, i.e., to forty-six per cent.

Yet, in spite of his errors, the writer is correct in assuming that this paragraph contains an extremely large proportion of foreign words. Turning over the pages of Johnson, Burke, Bolingbroke and others, I find that the usual percentage is from twenty-five to thirty-six, and it is difficult to find a paragraph of fair length which exceeds the higher of these two numbers. In Burke's "Regicide Peace," I noticed a sentence of eighteen words which contained fifty per cent., but the addition of the preceding or of the following sentence immediately reduced the proportion. Similarly, if the context of Mr. Morley's paragraph were quoted, it is very probable that a reduction in the percentage of foreign-derived words would follow.—Yours, &c.,

S. D. B.

The Date of Charles Lamb's Birth

SIR,—May I point Major Butterworth's attention to this extract from the Temple Church register?

LAMB { Charles, the son of John Lamb and Elizabeth, his wife, of Old Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, was born 10th February 1775, baptised 10th March following by the Rev. Mr. Jeffs.

The above is a true copy of the entry in the Register of Baptisms in the Temple Church.

(Signed) C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

Master of the Temple.

This copy was made at the instance of Charles Keene, who was the first of Lamb's biographers to see this entry. There are six in the same register of Charles Lamb's brothers and sisters; Charles made the seventh. Mr. Keene called upon the then Master of the Temple, in whose study the register was kept, "a rather thinnish quarto volume in beautiful preservation."

This as proof seems quite acceptable, and certainly proves the date as given in the Major's letter as correct.—Yours, &c.,

EDRIC WEBSTER.

Happy Endings

SIR,—In a notice of the late George Gissing's life which appeared in a popular daily paper, the writer, discussing one of the novelist's short stories, remarked that "it bore witness to the novelist's new delight in happy endings."

Now, I fail to perceive that happy endings to genuine stories of life and character can afford any particular delight to the conscientious fictionist. The plot or subject of a story must have a natural termination; the development of incident has its own finality; the sequence of events its rational dénouement; and had I sufficient space, I could prove this in examples cited from the masterpieces of fiction. Only the vapid delineator of superficial life pictures and worn-out incidents is concerned about happy endings; great imaginations portray life's truths—trials, virtues, vices, errors, victories, defeats, hopes, and fears—on a canvas which neither time nor custom can ever dim. They have no limitations as to sequels which only pander to a vulgar taste, or to the millions, who are ignorant of the real constituents of true and noble fiction.—Yours, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

The Passing of Greek

SIR,—May I just say that I am entirely at one with your correspondent, Mr. Wright, as to the desirability of teaching the rudiments of Greek in our public and grammar schools. I have never forgotten the revelation it was to me to discover parallels and contrasts between Latin and Greek. I remember how the Greek method of construction, which corresponds in everything but the name of the case with the Latin ablative, absolute, and the so-called English nouns, alike absolute, opened up a whole set of new ideas. It was indeed my introduction to the conception of evolution. Therefore, and also on the grounds he names, do I entirely agree with Mr. Wright. I am sorry I did not make myself plainer in the article. He will thank me, I am certain, for the suggestion that he reads Professor Perry on Oxford and Science in the current number of "Nature" (December 31).—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEEBY

THERE is a good article on Thomas Hearne by the Rev. W. Edmund Crothers in this month's "Temple Bar." Several amusing extracts are given from the antiquary's Diary; here is one that shows that there were modest men in those days, his excuse for not going to London being: "'Tis probable I might receive a much better welcome than I deserve, or is suitable to one that so much desires and seeks a private humble life without the least pomp or grandeur." Again, in 1733, "July 5.—One Handel a foreigner, who they say was born at Hanover, being desired to come to Oxford to perform in music . . . is come down. . . . Accordingly he hath published papers for a performance at 5s. a ticket . . . this is an innovation—The players might be as well permitted to come and act—" "July 8. . . .—His book (not worth a penny) he sells for a shilling." Two

references to Pope are not without a spice of malice: "Mr. Pope the poet who is now publishing Homer in English verse (three volumes in 4to. being already come out) was born in the parish of Binfield, near Ockingham in Berks. He is a papist, as is also his father, who is a sort of a broken merchant. The said Mr. Pope was patronised and encouraged by the late Sir Wm. Trumbull.

He is most certainly a very ingenious man. He is deformed;" and "this Alexander Pope, though he be an English Poet, yet he is but an indifferent scholar, mean at Latin, and can hardly read Greek. He is a very ill-natured man, and covetous and excessively proud."

At the end of the review of "The Creevey Papers" in the "Monthly Review" there are three stanzas printed from the MS. of a naval officer, unnamed, date 1816. I quote the first:—

A PARODY OF "NORA CREINA."
(*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*)

TUNE—"CRONY CREEVEY."

MR. GEORGE TIERNEY SINGS.

Blessington hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left it seems to fly,
But what it looks at, no one dreameth;
Sweeter 'tis to look upon
Creevey, though he seldom rises;
Few his truths—but even one
Like unexpected light surprises.
Oh! my crony Creevey, dear,
My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevey,
Others' lies
May wake surprise,
But truth, from you, my crony Creevey.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received: Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly (*General*); Messrs. Brentano's, New York, "Monthly Bulletin"; Mr. Charles Day, Grosvenor Square (*History, Biography, Travel, &c.*); Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*).

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, EAST HARDING STREET, LONDON, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his

(or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

"THE MONK DONISARUS OF PADUA."—Who was he? He lived in the fourteenth century, I believe—but I am ignorant of his writings. Can someone give me the names of these? And also tell me whether English or French translations are to be had of any of his writings?—*Varda Wathen-Bartlett*.

"WILCOX."—A short poem entitled "Ilusion," and beginning "God and I in space alone," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, appeared in the Chicago "Chap-book" for June 1, 1896. Can any reader tell me in which of her published volumes this poem is to be found? It is not in "Poems of Pleasure" or "Poems of Passion," published by Gay and Bird.—*A. C.*

"LIVES OF THE SAINTS."—Can anyone refer me to a handy or pocket volume dealing with the lives of the Saints. At a country bookshop I can hear of nothing save an important work in several volumes. I want a collection of succinct lives of all the Saints in the Roman Calendar, telling me who they were, when they lived and died, and why they were canonized. Something practical, simple, reliable, and cheap. Does such a volume exist?—*K. C. (Plymouth)*.

"MALBROUK," a name for the long-tailed ape.—Cuvier, in a note on "Pliny's Natural History" (viii., 21, 30), tells us that the name "Malbrook," *i.e.* "Mali-borough," was given by the French people to the long-tailed monkey (*simia fuscus*), the "cercopithecus" of Pliny. It would be interesting to know whether the word "malbrook" is still used in this sense in French "argot," or in any French dialect. Perhaps some French reader of THE ACADEMY might be able to tell an English admirer of the great Duke whether this ape-name has ever been used in French literature elsewhere than in Cuvier.—*Comestor Oxoniensis*.

"WORSE THAN WALTHAM DISGUISES."—This expression occurs in Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" in the address of Clarissa to Lovelace. What is its origin, and what does it mean?—*M. M.*

GENERAL

"THURROCK" AND "NAILBOURNE."—What is the derivation of the words "thurrock"—a water channel—and "nailbourne"—an intermittent brook; terms which are in use in Kent?—*Percy J. Spillett (Canterbury)*.

WILLIAM UPCOTT, the autograph collector.—Was his collection disposed of before or after his death?—*Arles*.

"CHRISTMAS BOX."—What is the etymology of Christmas Box?—*Tonans*.

"OTHER GUESS," "OTHERGATES."—Are these words synonymous? I have come across them in the "Inglishy Legends" and in Shakespeare ("Twelfth Night"), but can find them in no dictionary. Barham writes:—

"A Jew or a Turk,
But it's other-guess work," &c.

—*Gengulphus*.

"ANDREA FERRARA."—In Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" I came across the following passage: "He wore a true Andrea Ferrara tucked in a leather belt." I presume this is a sword or a dagger. Who was Andrea Ferrara; was he an armourer, when did he flourish, and are any of his weapons to be seen at Hertford House, or elsewhere?—*Cato Smith*.

"MY HEART CAME INTO MY MOUTH."—Is it true that the origin of this phrase is to be found in the fact that in mediæval times the soul was conceived as escaping in miniature form by way of the mouth? If so, what are our authorities?—*R. B. A.*

"BABY."—I wish to know who was the first writer to use this word for the reflection of one's self in miniature seen in the pupil of another's eye. This delightful conceit was, of course, familiar to the ancients, but who was the first to use it in this sense in English?—*R. B. A.*

"KICKSHAW."—Can any correspondent tell me the origin of this word as applied to dainty dishes, and odds and ends of good feeding?—*M. M.*

Answers

LITERATURE

"GREGOROVIVIA."—An English edition of Gregorovius' "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages," translated by Mrs. Hamilton, and in eight volumes, is published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, at three guineas net. I believe there is also an English edition of the "Lives of the Popes," but do not know the publisher.—*C. A. W. (Guildford)*.

"HABAKKUK."—In answer to "G. R. S." Voltaire's witticism refers to the story of "Bel and the Dragon" in the Apocrypha, verses 34-39, where Habbauc (sic) makes pottage, but is suddenly ordered by the Angel of the Lord to take it to Daniel in the lions' den at Babylon, "and Habbauc said, 'Lord, I never saw Babylon, neither do I know where the den is.' Then the Angel of the Lord took him by the crown, and bore him by the hair of the head, and through the vehemency of his spirit set him in Babylon over the den," &c., &c. "So Daniel rose and did eat, and the Angel set Habbauc in his own place again immediately."—*T. K. B.*

[NOTE.—The enquiry asked specifically for a reference to the passage in Voltaire: not to that in the Apocrypha.—*Ed.*]

"KING OF ROME."—Two good histories in French upon this personage: "Le Duc de Reichstadt," par le Comte G. L. de Montbel (Paris, 1833, 8vo.), and "Napoléon et son Fils," par F. Masséu, a finely illustrated book recently published. A short biography will also be found in Hoefer's "Nouvelle Biographie Générale."—*Henry T. Folcard (Wigan)*.

"KING OF ROME."—Reliable works on Napoléon II., Roi de Rome, are:—a. G. J. Baron de Montbel, Le Duc de Reichstadt. Notice sur la vie et la mort de ce prince, religieux à Vienne, sur des documents authentiques. Paris, '32. (souvent réimprimé.) Traduit en allemand, en italien et deux fois en espagnol. b. J. de Saint-Félix, Histoire de Napoléon II., Roi de Rome, d'après les documents officiels et les meilleurs renseignements. Paris, 1833. c. H. Welschinger, Le Roi de Rome ('11-'32). Paris 1897. (Souvent réimprimé.)—*D. Smit (Librarian of the Leamuseum, Amsterdam)*.

PAINTING

"LE PETIT BONHOMME."—When I was an art student in Glasgow any figure in a landscape was called "the bonnie." I do not know whether this is a purely local nickname, or whether it is just a corruption of the French expression.—*Angus (Peebles)*.

DRAMA

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."—"Historian" of Paris asks whether any historical personage ever bore the four ducal titles attributed to the hero of this play. No, certainly not. The very titles themselves: Orléans, Nemours, de Montpensier, and Chartres are historically incompatible with any one French noble family. It is merely another example of the fatuous ignorance of the average playwright and the average actor.—*John Wyles Hunt (Tadmorden)*.

"ACTING RIGHTS."—All representations of copyright dramatic works are liable to fees if either money or consideration be taken for admission, tickets sold, a collection made, or where any theatre, hall or other place be hired for such a purpose. The fees to amateurs on plays of three, four, and five acts are from £1 to £5 *ss.*, the latter sum being charged for most of the plays by Pinero and H. A. Jones. A reduction in the case of a charity is not often made. Fees, however, need not be paid for performances taking place in a private dwelling-house to invited guests, where no money or consideration be taken for admission, tickets or programmes sold, or a collection made.—*S. D. A. W.*

"ACTING RIGHTS."—It is certainly necessary to obtain permission from the author to produce a play (presuming it to be a copyrighted play). The usual fee is about five guineas, but that of course rests entirely with the author, who may refuse permission altogether if he so choose.—*L. X.*

"ACTING RIGHTS."—Apply to the authors, who, as a rule, when possessing the power, give free permission for their plays to be enacted for charitable objects. In other cases it is well to enquire at the Dramatic Authors' Society, Tavistock Street, W.C.; or send to French (Limited), Southampton Street, W.C.—*E. D.*

MUSIO

"ABBÉ LISZT."—When Liszt came to London in 1886 he played both in public and private. He played Schubert's "Divertissement à Hongroise" at the Grosvenor Gallery before a number of distinguished musicians. Before Queen Victoria at Windsor he played (1) an improvisation, (2) "The Miracle of the Roses," (3) a Hungarian Rhapsody, and (4) Chopin's "Nocturne No. 1 in B flat minor"—*M. Dainow*.

"ABBÉ LISZT."—I remember hearing in 1886 that the Abbé Liszt played in the music room of the mansion belonging to Mr. Littleton, the music publisher, at Sydenham. Many of the residents were invited to hear him. Probably Messrs. Neville would remember what the Abbé played.—*E. L. C. (Redhill)*.

"ABBÉ LISZT."—At a reception given by Liszt's pupil, the late Walter Bache, in Bond Street, in 1886, I had the privilege of hearing the great musician play Schubert's Divertissement à quatre mains, arranged as a solo, and remember the vivid impression of the grave warty face surrounded by straight falling white hair, and the inspired expression of the master.—*Lelia*.

"ABBÉ LISZT."—In answer to W. Wingfield, I have pleasure in informing him that Liszt played at least thrice during his stay in London in 1886. Possibly he played on other occasions, but I can answer for the following: (a) At Mr. Littleton's At Home at Sydenham; (b) At the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street to the professors and pupils when the Liszt scholarship was announced; and (c) At a reception at the Grosvenor Gallery. The first and third were entirely private functions, the second semi-public, and the master played the Chopin-Liszt "Chant Polonais."—*A. R. A. M.*

GENERAL

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "YULE."—I wish to refer you to Rudolf Koegel's "Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur," 1 Band, 1 Teil pag. 37-38, where the eminent Germanist has shown that the Indo-European root-word from which "yule" is to be derived signifies "new, young, new born," and may be interpreted as an epithet of the newborn God of Light.—*A. Halling, M.A. (Assistant-Librarian to the University of Copenhagen)*.

"YULE."—It is little use to ring the changes on all the crude theories of past times, thus jul, ol, oel, ale; giul, hiul, wheel; yehul, A.S. gal, geol; have passed into the limbo because, where all cannot be right the converse places them in the wrong. Another word for Christmas is *weihnachten*, old form "se wilen nahten," to equate yule; our latest authority, Herr Kluge, classes it as a pure Germanic form and undervied; he starts with *weihen*, "holy," *weihen*, "to sanctify," *weihen* "a priest." I have good reason to connect it with the Latin "via," which takes a sacred form as *viaticum*, the last sacrament. Our present source is the Sanskrit *rah*, so *rahan* an attribute of Deity, to be enshrined, as a survival of *totems* or animal worship; thus Garuda, called King of the Birds, was the supporter or vehicle (*rahan*) of Vishnu. The Germanic forms include *weihan* to strive, and the A.S. *seip*, to fight, also *weip*, "a way."—*A. H.*

[NOTE.—One of our correspondents, misunderstanding our rules, has sent in a couple of not very reconcile queries, to which the answers are attached. It should hardly be necessary to explain that this is not what is wanted. These columns are for legitimate enquiry and legitimate reply and we are confident in the bona fides of our readers.—*Ed.*]

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain on application at the following booksellers Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the three booksellers whose names follow:—

1. Mr. W. G. Grant, Addison House, The Plain, Oxford.
2. Messrs. T. R. and E. Vickers, The Grove, Ilkley.
3. Mr. H. F. Bumpus, 325, High Holborn.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—At a Court of Directors held on the 6th, Mr. A. Dutton was appointed Underwriter in the room of Mr. Toulmin, resigned.

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